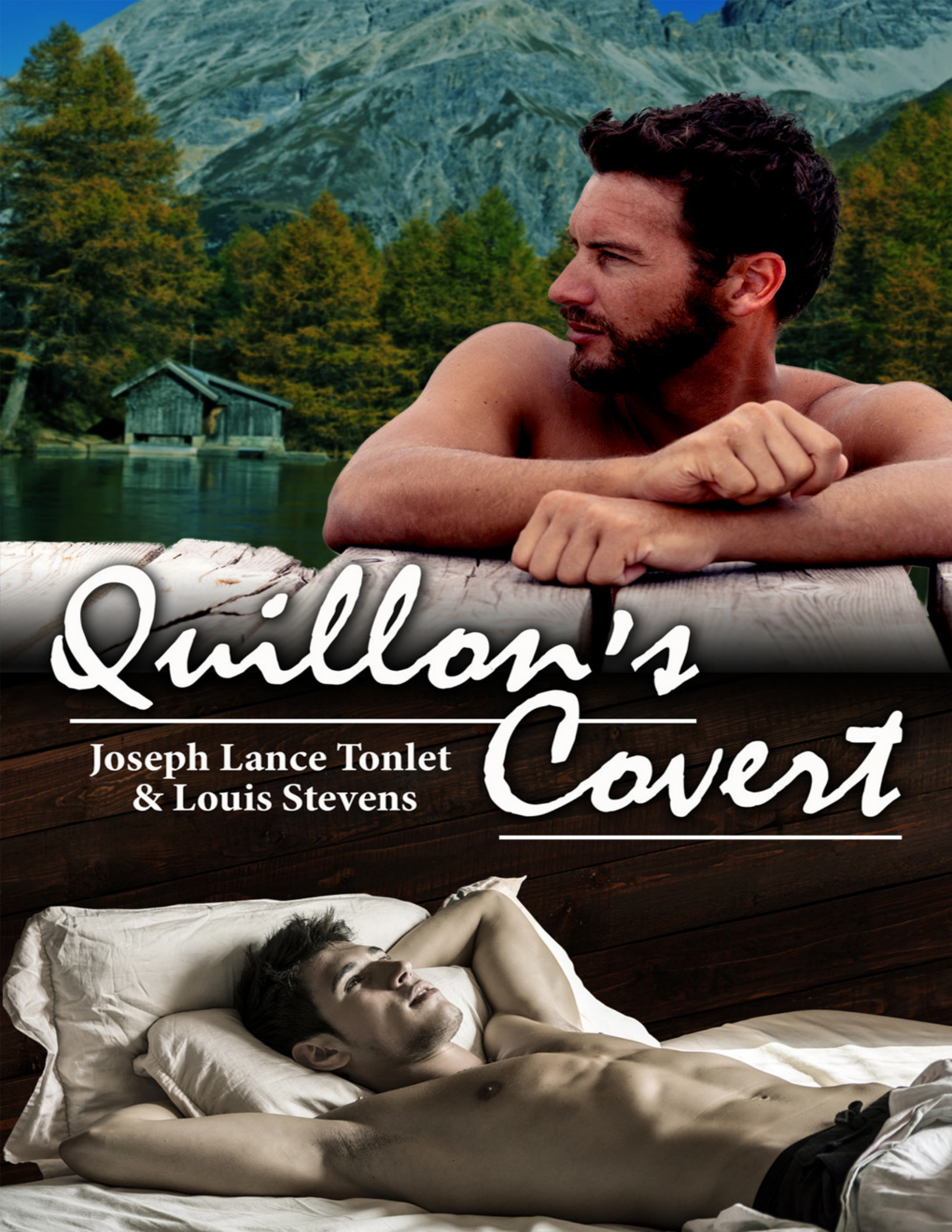




Quillon's Covert

Joseph Lance Tonlet
& Louis Stevens

QUILLON'S COVERT

JOSEPH LANCE TONLET

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CONTENT NOTIFICATION / DISCLAIMER

This book is a work of fiction that contains explicit erotic content between consenting adult (over the age of 18) men, and it is intended for mature readers. The acts may be immoral, illegal, and/or unsafe. The authors utilize these acts for dramatic purposes. Readers should not deem the acts contained within as moral, legal, and/or safe. Do not read this if it's not legal for you. All characters, locations, and events are works of fiction. Resemblance to actual people, places, and/or events is purely coincidental.

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DEDICATIONS

To all of the brave authors and readers out there, inspired by passion,
and unwilling to conform to someone else's *standards*, this is for you!

Peace,
JLT

To Kol Anderson, your magnanimous spirit, strength,
and perseverance inspires me every day.
Thank you for changing me for the better.

Louis Stevens

To our brilliant editor, Jack, the care you showed
Martin and Marty (and their story) touched our hearts
in a way we'll never be able to fully express.
You have our most sincere appreciation.

J and L

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Chapter 1 – Still a Kid

Martin / 34

“No...you know how he is whenever he’s in the truck...he’s been asleep since we hit the interstate,” Martin said and smiled into the phone. “I’m about to hit the dead zone. I’ll call you as soon as we’re back down the mountain. I love you, Allie...”

Martin didn’t hear his wife’s reply before their cell connection dropped. He tossed the phone into the center console of the truck, adjusted his ever present, backwards baseball cap, and bid good-bye not only to his lovely wife but also to civilization for two weeks.

He and his son, Martin Junior, or Marty as the family called him, had been making the annual boys’ trip up to the cabin ever since Martin felt comfortable caring for Marty on his own. Well, to be more precise, ever since Allie felt comfortable with Martin’s parenting skills and allowed him to take Marty off alone. The boy was fourteen now, and it was only their third year making the trip.

He glanced over at his son, sprawled out in the passenger seat, a small scrape from baseball practice temporarily marring the otherwise serene face, and his heart swelled. It wasn’t that he was a bad parent, or that anything had ever happened to cause doubt in Allie’s mind about his ability, but Marty was the only child they’d ever have. That, combined with the boy’s choking scare when he was a preschooler, made them both understandably overprotective at times.

Martin failed to resist another sweep of his sleeping son and couldn’t help but remember that fright-filled drive to the hospital.

“Is he breathing?” Allie asked.

“He’ll be fine, just get us to the hospital.”

Martin wiped a hand over his son’s sweaty forehead. He could tell Marty was attempting to be brave, but the tears finally fell from his frightened eyes and rolled off his face into his hairline. Those didn’t

concern Martin nearly as much as the blood seeping from the corner of Marty's lips.

"I just took my eyes off him for a minute."

Martin didn't reply to Allie. Instead, he just kept rubbing Marty's hair out of his face and tried to offer a reassuring smile.

"We're almost there, son, almost. Just keep your eyes on me and breathe slowly, okay?"

"D?"

"Yep, right here, Buddy."

When Marty had first begun talking, he hadn't been able to say *dad*, so he'd shortened it and called Martin *D*. What started out as a toddler's speech limitation had grown into a term of endearment, and years later he still used it.

The boy ended up requiring surgery to remove the lodged peppermint candy cane. The surgeon had done a phenomenal job at extracting the hook-shaped sweet and repairing the damage it left. Marty's only permanent physical impairment was a slightly narrower-than-normal esophagus.

That was the physical damage, but the majority of the incident's repercussions were psychological; Marty had a terrible fear of choking, and what had started out as a nickname for Martin—*D*—had turned into a sort of distress call in the hospital. As his son laid recuperating, he repeatedly called out "*D*" for Martin. All it took was Martin's response of "*Yep, I'm here, Buddy*" to calm his son. But that request for reassurance had carried over long after his discharge. From then onward, anytime Marty became overly agitated or uncertain, he'd call out for Martin. He'd call out *D*. That, paired with the boy's stutter, had Martin's heart aching for the boy, especially whenever he was stressed.

Even though the action threatened to wake Marty, Martin couldn't help but reach across and gently graze a thumb over the sleeping boy's scraped cheek. Although the dark blond lashes fluttered slightly, Marty remained comfortably ensconced in a peaceful, worry-free slumber. And any worry-free time was a cherished thing for a teenager with a speech impediment. Life, and all its complications, all of its ugliness, would likely come rushing back the moment Marty woke. Not being able to offer his son 24/7 protection had always weighed heavily on him. From nearly the time Marty had spoken his first words, Martin's trips to the school had begun; more often than not, due to schoolyard bullying, and Marty's unwillingness to

back down from larger, stronger classmates. He admired his son's fierce tenacity and brave spirit, but he understood it came at a price. Indeed, Marty, beginning at an age when he should have had no worries, was exposed to some of the most ugly aspects of human nature, mostly in the name of one Eddie Michaels and his ruthless band of pack animals. Therefore, since their first trip up to the cabin, and every year after, Martin strived to ensure Marty's time in the mountains was filled with relaxation, and fun, and loads of affection; far away from the ridicule Martin knew his son stoically endured.

His phone dinged one last time, valiantly attempting to maintain a signal, with a text from Robert, his construction foreman, second in command, and best friend. He glanced down and saw one of the man's characteristically brief texts.

Relax. Have fun. Don't worry.

Martin trusted Robert to run Quillon Designs, his architectural landscaping business, even if it was only for two weeks. A talented team of designers led the sixteen projects currently underway, and the one project he personally took on a month, to keep his hands dirty, had just completed. No, things were in capable hands and he'd be able to relax without the stress of keeping a successful business operational. But there wasn't a time when his friend's use of the phrase *Don't worry* didn't bring back the memory of walking into the construction trailer to find Robert, work jeans around his ankles, banging a secretary intern across the desk, and later telling Martin, "Don't worry, she's not gonna make trouble, boss...it's all good...she liked it."

He shook his head and grinned at both his foreman's laid-back view of life and the crazy memory of the delightful sounds that had emanated from the intern. He cut a glance at Marty before shifting the growing bulge in his shorts. Admittedly, the most difficult part—hell, the only thing he missed—while on these trips was being away from Allie, and their very satisfying sex life. But that was a tiny price to pay for spending uninterrupted quality time with his son. The one person he'd always choose to be with above anyone else.

After stealing another glance from the road, his eyes landed on Marty again. The bridge of his nose and smaller stature left no doubt the boy was

Allie's, but the rest of his features reminded Martin so much of his own father. The still forming jaw would be distinct and strong like his dad's; the always curious but simultaneously kind, blue-gray eyes were definitely his father's; and the small nodule sitting atop the shell of his left ear, which every male in his family carried, was trademark Quillon lineage.

Turning off the highway, and then heading east toward the mountain, Martin checked the volume on the CD player before flipping on the classic Maroon 5 album, *Songs About Jane*. Marty stirred briefly as "Harder to Breathe" began playing, and Martin wondered if he'd get to enjoy his son's company before they arrived at the cabin. He wasn't the least bit surprised when the boy's dark sandy curls once again pressed into the seat's headrest.

Music had always been a part of the drive, even as far back as he and his father's trips up here. They'd listen to an AM radio station, one of the few they could get tuned in, and the truck's beat-up cab would be filled with the twang of Johnny Cash, or Merle Haggard, or Waylon Jennings. He couldn't help but smile at the thought that Marty came by his love of country music quite naturally.



While Matchbox Twenty's "Hang" closed out the album *Yourself or Someone Like You*, Martin turned the truck onto the winding lane that began their property, and marveled at how in little more than the span of three CDs, they'd left the city behind and entered the tranquil solitude of their land. He pulled up to the closed gate, with the oak sign his grandfather had carved still hanging above it, announcing Quillon's Covert, and had no more than put the truck in park when Marty stirred to life.

"Hey there, Sport. Nice nap?"

Marty turned his eyes toward his dad. "M-m-musta," he started but then fell silent as Martin reached over and laid his index finger on his son's lips.

Although Marty's stutter had vastly improved, there were still times, like when he first woke up, that it returned in full force. Years ago, they'd discovered it was immediately stifled by Martin simply placing his finger to his son's lips for a few seconds. The unassuming gesture had an instant calming effect and, once he removed the finger, Marty's stutter was quelled. The action was so natural between them that they'd long ago stopped acknowledging it. It just was. If Martin allowed himself to dwell on it, every instance would kill him a little. Not because he was ashamed or

embarrassed by it, but because of the near terror that still filled his son's eyes every time it happened. Martin understood that distress all too well; he'd also stuttered all the way through his late teens. He understood the fear, intimately knew the taunting and teasing, and had experienced the dread of being called upon to speak in class. That's why he instead chose to focus on the positive; his finger could remove that fear and return the ease to his son's eyes, and he was eternally grateful for that gift. Martin's only wish—barring the total disappearance of the stutter—was that he could be by his son's side and offer Marty that comfort anytime, anywhere. But, much to his dismay, that wasn't the way the world worked.

"Musta fallen asleep, huh?" Marty said with a yawn.

Martin's eyes crinkled in amusement. "Ya reckon?" Nodding toward the gate. "If you can manage to pry your skinny butt off the seat—"

"Hey! I've been workin' out, Old Man," Marty interrupted and threw open the door. "A few more years and—" The rest of his son's witty retort was lost when the cab's door closed a little too firmly.

Martin laughed and pulled the truck past the open gate and a sleepy, grinning Marty.

"I'll have you know," Martin started when Marty reseated himself and closed the door, "thirty-four is not old."

"Yeah, says the thirty-four-year-old," Marty snickered.

"Whatever. If you think you can stay awake, keep an eye on the supplies as we make it up the hill."

"So that's how it's gonna be this year, huh? Well, I warn ya, I'm not the same thirteen-year-old I was last year. You spar with me, Old Man, and—"

Martin reached over and ran his fingers along his son's rib cage, immediately filling the cab with both laughter and loud protests.

"Tickling is for slow-witted cheaters, I'll have you know!"

"Psh!" Martin waved his hand. "Eyes on the truck bed...if my Oreos fall out, you're gonna be sorry."

"Yeah, yeah. We're already here."

And they were. Martin pulled up to the back of the single room cabin, surrounded by mature trees and a shimmering lake just beyond, then killed the engine.

"One job," he chided while they both pushed open their doors to the fresh mountain air and stepped out, "I give you just one job: watch the Oreos and—"

Marty pulled his T-shirt over his head and quirked a jesting eyebrow at the bed full of supplies. “Well, I’m glad I only had the one job. I’ll grab the fishing poles and wait on the dock while you unload, then.”

Martin, now bare-chested as well, undid his shorts and stepped out of them. “Ha! You should be so lucky, Squirt. No, I believe the Quillon Handbook clearly states the younger, inferior member of the tribe—”

Marty had also dropped his shorts. He bent down, picked them up, and chucked them at his father’s head.

“Inferior?”

Martin watched Marty begin to sprint around the truck bed. His son’s mirth was infectious, and Martin couldn’t help smiling at the boy’s playfulness. Martin quickly eyed the packed truck, decided the unloading could wait, then turned and jogged toward the lake.

“Oh! You can run, but you can’t hide, Old Man!”

Martin laughed at Marty’s words and at his son’s crunching footfalls as the boy tried to catch up.

Marty / 14

What a life.

Marty tried but couldn’t think of anything better than the feeling of the lake’s warm water hitting his feet, then his thighs, and finally licking his belly button before he paused to watch Martin. Even though he’d come to look forward to their two-week retreat every year, his dad really depended on getaways. Marty didn’t even feel bad anymore that mom didn’t come along. She often cheerfully reminded them that their “boy’s trip” was an escape for her, too, before shooing ’em off.

His dad’s head dipped under the water and then broke the surface with a splash. The sun caught the drops in his hair and on his forehead just right, magnifying his grin. That moment, right there, Marty would never forget no matter how old he got. The joy in Dad’s eyes, the ease of his smile. Who knew the simple act of swimming could provide such incredible memories?

Before Marty could react to what was happening, his dad had closed the distance between them and pounced on him. Martin tackled him to the soft sand of the shoreline and they fell awkwardly into the shallower water. But Marty gave just as good as he got, and immediately initiated the *dunk the other’s head under the water* game. Although his father was unquestionably

stronger, Marty was quick and able to hold his own, so long as he kept moving. Allowing Martin to gain a firm hold would swiftly lead to him being overpowered. After exhausting themselves, they settled into the relaxing water and enjoyed the quiet enveloping them.

Later, as the sun started its descent, Marty's anticipation of the pending barbecue grew. The barbecue was the inauguration of their two-week retreat.

"Hey," Dad called out as the Wiffle ball he'd thrown back to Marty landed short. "Hot dogs?"

Marty shrugged while sneakily swimming closer to the shore. "What, you getting tired, Old Man? Cuz that was a lame throw." As soon as his feet hit the sand, he started for the cabin. "Last one there lights the grill!" he yelled over his shoulder, and then laughed as his dad suddenly splashed to catch up.



Time seemed to fly by. When he was a kid he never noticed. But now, at fourteen, it was something Marty was beginning to see more clearly. It felt like only yesterday that they'd arrived at the cabin, and already a week of their time had vanished. It sucked.

Marty smiled as he watched his dad from over his shoulder. Martin's sweat-streaked hair stuck out from beneath his backward baseball cap, his head bobbing in frustration as his large fingers tried to flip through the tablet's screen searching its library for a movie.

"How's the popcorn coming?" he asked distractedly.

"It's burning." Marty said from the small kitchenette.

"Good. Not too much though, right? And more butter!"

"There's plenty of butter already." Marty dumped the perfectly char-grilled popcorn into a large bowl. Studying it a moment, he shrugged and splashed more melted butter over the top. After a generous sprinkling of salt, he tossed a few dark, buttery pieces into his mouth and crunched. Perfect, exactly how they loved it, he thought. "Leave the popcorn to the master and try to find us somethin' to watch, Old Man," he joked, crossing the few steps into the living room. "And please, somethin' that was made *after* I was born."

Martin tapped the tablet slightly, as if he could get it to scroll by vibration alone. "You have no appreciation for the classics. And why is this

thing so difficult to use?” A quick hand darted up from the tablet to steal the bowl of popcorn. “Yum. It looks good.”

“It’s not difficult,” Marty said with a laugh. “You always try and treat it like an old softball glove instead of like a piece of electronics. Be gentle with it and it’ll work just fine.”

Then, just as quickly, Marty lifted the bowl out of his dad’s lap, before he could stick his fingers into it, and held it out of reach. “You’ll thank me in a few minutes. Find the movie first, then you can butter up your fingers with the popcorn. Otherwise we’ll never get the tablet clean, and we’ll have to watch the entire movie through greasy fingerprints.”

Martin offered an exaggerated sigh and began flipping through the tablet again while rubbing his toes along the leg of the oak coffee table. The summer dad was fifteen, he’d made the table with Granddad, from wood that grew on their property. Their initials were carved into one leg, and his dad’s toes always seemed to find that spot.

Marty looked around the one-room cabin while his dad tried to *tap* a movie out of a tablet that required a *sliding* finger. It was a small but cozy space. The front door bisected the room; along one wall ran the kitchenette, with a countertop-two-burner stove, a utilitarian sink under a small window, and a refrigerator; the other half held the living room, with its sofa, coffee table, and single end table; and along the back wall was the double bed and nightstand. It wasn’t fancy, by any means, but it was comfortable in its sparseness. As his eyes roamed around, they landed on several other oak items Martin and Granddad had made; the small, smooth kitchenette countertop, the funky little chair in the corner that never got used, and finally what slept next to the bed and currently stole his attention. The paddle. Its surface, worn to a smooth luster over the course of its thirty years of life, gave it a deceptively soft appearance. Marty knew first hand it was anything but. That perpetual shine, currently covered with a year’s worth of dust, had captivated him since his first visit to the cabin—the first time he’d laid eyes on it—three years ago. That was also the first time he’d felt its bite against his bare ass, and that wasn’t something he’d ever forget. He gave a brief shiver; thankful he hadn’t done anything to warrant his butt seeing that particular piece of oak this year.

Martin, finally choosing a movie and wedging the tablet into a makeshift stand on top of the table, attempted to follow Marty’s gaze toward the sleeping area.

“Um, we can drag the twin beds back out of the shed if you want? We’d have to make a trip into town and get a few mattresses, but we could do that tomorrow.”

“Huh?” Marty asked in confusion.

Martin lifted a large shoulder. “I mean, I know we got the double bed up here when you were still occasionally sleeping with Mom and me at home. But, if you’re too old now, or just don’t—”

“Oh,” Marty said in understanding. “No, not unless you just want to.” With a tilt of his head toward the paddle, he said, “I was looking at Granddad’s paddle, not the bed.”

After the whole candy cane thing, Marty had suffered from horrible choking nightmares and no matter what his parents did, they couldn’t convince him to sleep *alone* in his own room. For years they’d all pile into his mom and dad’s bed at night. And even though he’d stopped sleeping with them, he and Martin routinely snuggled up on the sofa together at home to watch TV in the evenings. He still found great comfort in their closeness, and they’d always slept together at the cabin.

“I mean, unless you want to?” Marty asked hesitantly.

His dad snorted up at him from the couch. “Do I wanna work in a hot shed tomorrow, drive into town, shop for mattresses, lug them back up here? Or do I wanna lay in the sun, fish, and drink beer? Are those my options? Cuz, that’s a no-brainer.” He paused, looked back toward the paddle, and raised a half jesting eyebrow at Marty. “And why are you so focused on the paddle? Something I need to know about?”

“Heck no! I was just lookin’—”

Martin smiled and slapped the sofa cushion next to him.

“Okay then. So now, popcorn?”

“Depends,” Marty said, regaining his composure and holding the bowl just out of his dad’s reach. “What movie did you choose?”

“*Fast and the Furious*.”

“Which one?” Marty asked suspiciously, lowering the bowl to within an inch of his father’s outstretched hand.

“The last damn one, now put your skinny butt down here already and hand over the popcorn.”

As Marty grinned and sank down on the sofa, Martin reached over, grabbed the bowl, and nodded to the tablet. “Start that thing, would ya? I think it’s broken.”

“It’s not broken...” Marty started, but then trailed off. He’d just about given up on teaching Martin how to use the iPad and text from his cell phone. Although he suspected his dad knew how to text, but just refused to do it.

After starting the movie, he dug into the butter-soaked, flamed popcorn, and settled in next to Martin to enjoy the good-looking Vin Diesel and Paul Walker—for the umpteenth time.

No matter how many times they watched it together, neither of them grew bored. Marty even knew at which precise intervals his dad would react.



He watched Martin out of the corner of his eye, picking the crunchy, half-popped kernels from the bottom of the bowl, and allowed his gaze to fall on his dad’s broad, hairy, defined chest. It was exactly the kind of chest he wanted, and what he was going to work his lanky ass off to make happen this year. He didn’t allow himself more than a brief look at Martin’s chest, though; lately he noticed a strange fluttering in his stomach if he stared too long.

Despite the window air conditioner, the cabin was still warm and a bit muggy. He knew it would eventually cool off. But as they both sat naked, sweat trickled its way down Marty’s arms while Martin’s chest only shone with a sheen of dampness that just seemed to make him even manlier. His dad managed to look like a stud where Marty just felt like a sweaty kid.

“What are you frowning about?”

“Huh?” Was he staring? Had his dad noticed?

Martin dragged his gaze from the movie and focused it on Marty. “You forget how well I know you, Slugger.”

“Nuh-nuh-nothi...” Marty faltered at the hated stutter. Familiar warmth quickly spread over him when his dad’s finger pressed to his lips. He breathed deeply and relaxed. “I was just thinking,” he said eventually.

“About?”

Marty felt the hot blush creep up his neck, grateful for the dim cabin. “How much I wanna be like you one day.”

Martin blinked, then smiled at him.

“Random, I know,” Marty admitted.

“No, it’s not that. I just...” Martin suddenly hooked an arm around Marty’s flushed neck and pulled him in close. “You know how much I love you, right? I mean, do I say it enough?”

Marty knew how Martin felt. He also understood that the long ago choking thing, and the surgery, had frightened his dad. And although that fear had subsided, his mom told him that it had forever changed Martin; he never hesitated to stop whatever he was doing and hug, or kiss, or just tell Marty how much he loved him. “He never takes you for granted, Marty,” his mom had said.

He snuggled in a bit more and rested his cheek against the soft fur of Martin’s damp chest. “You tell me all the time, Dad.”

The movie all but forgotten, Martin continued, “You might not think so right now, but one day you’ll look back on these trips and remember them as some of the best times of your life. That’s how I see them.” Marty felt his dad’s lips press against his hair and kiss the top of his head.

He pulled his feet up onto the couch and settled in even closer to his father. “I already do.”



It was their final morning at the cabin, and it felt like they had only just gotten there. Marty spent the morning lugging bags and boxes to the truck. Now, stepping out of the cool shower, he toweled his chest dry.

“Dad!” Marty sprinted into the cabin.

His father dropped the spatula and turned from the stove. “What? What’s happened?”

“Nothing’s happened. Well, I mean, something’s happened...look.” Marty pointed at the middle of his chest.

“Come closer, I can’t see. What is—” Martin scrunched his eyes together. “Is that a hair?”

“Yes!” Marty jutted his pimpled chin out proudly. “I’m on my way now, aren’t I?”

The amusement in his dad’s eyes grew, and Marty watched his dad take a quick glance down the length of his damp body.

“Yep, soon you’ll be Quillon hairy everywhere...and all grown up.” He pulled Marty into a one-armed hug. “Just don’t go growin’ up too quickly on me, okay, Monkey Nuts?”

Marty laughed at the newest nickname and tried to pull away, but it was pointless to struggle against his father's tight hold.

"You, Old Man, are *really* weird sometimes," he managed to breathe out. "And your chest hair is suffocating me!"

With the smell of burning bacon filling the air, he finally gave up and hugged Martin back.

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Chapter 2 – Puberty Strikes

Marty / 15

“When did you become so grumpy?”

Marty rolled his eyes, sank farther down into his seat, and stared out the truck’s window.

His dad sighed next to him. “It wasn’t that long ago when my jokes cracked you up.”

Marty felt his dad’s stare and tore his gaze from the highway whipping past outside the window, to meet Martin’s. They were driving up to Quillon’s Covert for their annual boys’ break. Dad always wanted to get an early start so they could make it to the cabin before the traffic hit. Getting up there early also meant they had lots of time to unpack, while still having a good part of their first day left. He smiled to reassure Martin. “Sorry. I haven’t been great to be around lately, have I?” There were times he wished he still fell asleep whenever he got in the truck, like he had when he was a kid.

Martin didn’t smirk or downplay Marty’s words like he usually did to lighten the mood. “You know I’m here...if you wanna talk...if something’s bothering you, right?” he asked over the One Republic CD playing.

When Marty didn’t elaborate, Martin continued. “Hey, I get it. When I was your age, I was pretty cranky too. I also thought my dad was lame.”

Marty laughed, taking the bait, and softly punched his dad’s shoulder. “I don’t think you’re lame. Well, not all the time anyway,” he added with a snort.

Martin adjusted his baseball cap and furrowed his brows. “And here I was thinking about letting you drive the rest of the way up. You know, after we stopped for breakfast. Thought I’d ride shotgun. But that’s not something a lame dad would really do, is it?”

“What I meant to say,” Marty quickly corrected with a huge smile, “is that I think you totally rock and all your jokes are killer.”

Martin laughed and pulled into the diner that marked the halfway point of their journey to the cabin. It was usually here that the excitement really hit Marty. This was when the thought of spending two weeks totally alone with his dad, away from the rest of the world, really started to sink in. Usually. While he still felt most of the thrill as they entered the pancake house, the familiar smells and sounds pulled him in, but he couldn't quite shake his cranky, sweaty, irritated mood.

After placing their familiar order of breakfast sandwiches, Marty brooded over his coffee, and his dad lived up to his recent knack of pointing out the obvious.

"Your pits are soaked."

Marty twisted the cup around on the table. "Gee, th-th-thanks Dad. I hadn't nuh-nuh-noticed."

Martin heaved a low sigh. "Are you using the deodorant I got you?"

Marty rubbed the back of his neck, lifted his coffee slowly, and took a long sip of the sweet goodness. "It's not really working. I don't think it's strong enough anymore."

Martin drummed his fingers on the table. "Is that what's got you so grouchy? Why didn't you just ask me to change it?"

Marty slid down in the booth and kept his eyes on the coffee cup.

"Well?" Martin asked.

Marty stared at the diner's entrance while absently picking at a zit on his chin. "It's not just that," he sighed. "It's a lotta th-th-things."

Martin lifted his hat, ran a hand through his short brown hair, and then offered Marty a smile. "Wanna just get the sandwiches to go? We can stop off at the lookout point and eat in the truck, if you want."

Marty nodded as relief crashed over him. He didn't trust his stupid cracking voice, yet another reason he didn't like being in public right now, so he just looked up and nodded.

Martin reached over the table and ruffled his hair. "To go, then."

Lately the hair-ruffling thing had really started to annoy him, but right now it seemed to take him back to a simpler, more comfortable time.

"How about getting the truck started while I grab our food?" Martin slid out of the booth and dangled the keys tantalizingly close to Marty's face.

He grinned, snatched the keys from his dad's fingers before he could have a change of heart, and was out the door.



Marty lay stretched out on the cabin's sun-drenched, uncovered side deck, with a soft beach towel beneath him. There were deck lounge chairs a few feet away, but they were in the shade of a huge oak tree, and he didn't feel like moving them. He had one goal at the moment and that was getting as much vitamin D on every part of his body as quickly as possible. He hoped against hope that it might even scorch some of the goddamn zits off his face. He scratched the patch of fuzz just above his dick as the next track of Chris Gaines—who was really the alter ego for Garth Brooks—started playing and hummed along to “Lost in You.” He'd gotten outside before his dad, which meant he'd also gotten to the portable CD player first. He smiled knowing he'd get to choose the music because those were the rules.

Martin walked out onto the deck and stood over him with a Strawberry Crush in one hand and a beer in the other. Marty eagerly took the cold bottle of his favorite soda. Strawberry Crush was getting harder and harder to find, but somehow his father always managed.

“Thanks, Dad.”

Martin bent down, placed the beer next to his own towel, and straightened back up. “Feeling better?”

From the moment they arrived at the cabin, which they'd quickly opened up so the closed up, musty smell could air out, the nearly suffocating blanket of blues had lifted from Marty. His mood had brightened as the tall oak trees came into view and the familiar mountainside beckoned them to their *home-away-from-home*. And now, here with his dad, lying in the sun, drinking Strawberry Crush, his world was about as good as it could get.

But by far, the biggest satisfaction came from shedding his clothes. He'd always enjoyed this part of their trips; it was he and his dad sharing something only between the two of them. This year, though, with his crazy mood swings, being naked next to his dad held a strange, new excitement.

“I do now,” Marty grinned before downing half of his fizzy soda.

Martin lifted his arms above his head, stretched out lazily, before bringing his hands down to his naked butt and absently rubbing it. Marty stared at his dad from behind his shades, thankful Martin couldn't follow his eyes.

When Martin crouched down to straighten out his towel, Marty couldn't help but envy his dad's thighs. They were big and hairy and strong, and everything Marty felt a man's legs should be. Everything his weren't—yet. But he was working on it. As Martin went down on all fours to flip the towel's far corner flat, his heavy ball sack, dangling between his thighs, came into full view. Marty cleared his throat and took another long swig of Crush.

Martin adjusted the bill of his cap, facing it forward, and collapsed onto his towel. He slipped his shades on and hooked his hands behind his head to begin soaking up the sun's rays too. Marty eyed his dad's hairy pits and wiped the sweat from his face again, absently thinking he could probably burn to a crisp, but the damn zits would go unharmed. His gaze moved to his dad's defined chest, then to his flat midriff, and finally down his firm stomach, before he caught himself. What the fuck? You weren't supposed to notice things like that about your own dad, were you?

Marty pulled his eyes away. Fishing around his side, he grabbed what was left of his soda and finished it off.

"So tell me," his dad said after a minute, "what else is bothering you."

"What do you mean?" Marty peeped, and hoped he didn't sound as guilty as he felt.

Martin laughed but didn't move from his position.

"My voice," Marty finally admitted. "I hate how it sometimes jumps and cracks. And the sweating, it's like one morning I woke up and my pits suddenly reeked! And it's not just my pits either. I sweat everywhere, my feet, my butt, my balls...just everywhere. And jeez, my balls... it's not just the sweat either. Sometimes when I'm walking, or when the team's playing, or when I'm in the tub, or just lying around, my balls start to ache for no reason. Like really, *really* bad."

Martin's chest heaved and Marty's eyes flashed to his dad's face. "Are you laughing?"

"I'm sorry. I don't mean to. It's like you've torn a page out of my life when I was fifteen." Martin slipped his shades down his nose and leaned over toward Marty. "I remember all too well. I know it's tough sometimes, Spud." He laughed again but sobered up when Marty didn't join in on the joke. "Look, it won't help, me telling you this, but what's happening to you is completely normal, okay? And it'll get better. I promise."

"When?"

Martin grinned and slipped the shades back up his nose. "After it gets a lot worse."

Marty scowled as his dad fell back onto his towel and laughed softly. "You think my balls hurting is funny, huh?"

His dad's big hand rested on his furry stomach and Marty watched it bounce up and down with Martin's continued chuckling. "Maybe a little," his father admitted.

"Yeah, well," Marty huffed, "F..." he caught himself before going any further.

Martin grinned and an eyebrow rose over his sunglasses.

"When do I get to start using curse words?"

His dad's reply was easy, if not a bit sleepy, like he'd already moved on from the conversation and was thinking about a nap. "Not for a long time. And never those two words with me. Granddad's paddle hangs inside for a reason, Spunky Balls."

Despite the deep tremor even a brief mention of the paddle sent through him, it wasn't the main reason he didn't want to laugh; Marty, on principal, tried not to encourage Martin's use of the stupid nicknames. But, his efforts didn't seem to matter, Martin continued to use them and, more often than not, Marty couldn't keep from laughing. "Hah-hah!" he barked out and shook his head, as much in disappointment in himself for giving his dad the satisfaction, and because he had to admit he found Martin funny most of the time.

A lot can happen in a year. Things change. People change, obviously. But one thing that never changed was the ease that he and his dad shared. They could entertain each other like no one else could, and they could comfort each other too. Sometimes they'd have the deepest conversations about everything and nothing, and then a minute later they'd be goofing off like two fifth-graders.

Their relationship was something many of Marty's friends didn't understand, but yet envied. It was sad to see the distance between his friends and their fathers. They didn't have the easy rapport with their dads he had with Martin.

Marty adjusted the angle of his head slightly to catch a glimpse of his father out of the corner of his eye. Lots of the girls he hung out with commented on how hot his dad was. And although Martin had always been his hero, he'd never really paid much attention to the way he looked. Taking

him in now, Marty had to admit Martin was pretty fit, in a way that said he'd spent far more time outside playing sports than sitting inside with an Xbox controller in hand. Maybe the reason he'd never really given it too much thought before was because all Quillons looked like his dad.

Yet lately...

A soft snore came from his father's direction, and Marty smiled. It never failed; a few beers and as many minutes in the sun and Martin was out.

Marty sat forward and grabbed the sunscreen his dad always somehow forgot. It seemed he'd been coating his sleeping father with sunblock as long as he could remember. If it weren't for him, Martin would roast like a marshmallow and then be in agony their entire trip. Marty squirted a blob on his palm and rubbed his hands together.

As always, he started at his dad's ankles and worked the coconut cream up one hairy leg to a beefy thigh. He stopped just where the thigh creased with the hip, and then started at the other ankle. When he reached the top again, his hand brushed Martin's sack. Jeez, even his dad's nuts felt hard and solid. He shook his head, felt the butterflies in his stomach come to life, and peeked up at his dad to make sure he was still asleep.

Squirting out another blob of the fragrant sunblock, he worked upward from his dad's navel, rubbing the cream over his flat abs. When he reached Martin's hairy chest, he paused. Dad had a total nipple hardon, and Marty had the urge to touch one of them. Like always, his dad hadn't stirred while Marty rubbed him down, and his chest continued to rise and fall in peaceful motions as he slept under the hot sun. But even if things hadn't changed for Martin, Marty was definitely seeing his dad differently than he ever had before. Instead of Martin simply being the dad he had grown up with, the person he had played endless hours of video games with, and the guy who had taught him how to ride a skateboard, Marty was now starting to see the man his girlfriends did.

Suddenly, the memory of how close his fingers had been to Martin's dick caused the butterflies to completely lose their minds. Not being able to help himself, he brought his fingers to his nose and sniffed, only to be disappointed when all he could smell was coconuts. It wasn't like he hadn't touched his dad's dick countless times over the years—mostly while roughhousing in the shower, or wrestling at night before bed—and he'd never thought much of it. Yet here he was, bent over his dad, inches away from his hard nipples, sniffing his fingers and feeling light-headed.

When Martin started to stretch lazily in his sleep, Marty quickly backed off. In his haste he knocked over the empty Strawberry Crush bottle, sent the uncapped sunscreen flying against the side of the cabin, and ended up with his ass sprawled awkwardly on the deck floor.

Martin woke, looked over at him, lifted his shades, and rubbed a hand across his mouth while surveying the scene silently. "You okay?"

"Yuh-yuh-yeah."

Marty got up and rubbed his butt. He wanted to run inside, or go dive in the lake, or do anything to hide his embarrassment. Do anything to give himself some time to sort through his crazy thoughts. But it'd look weird leaving just after his dad woke up. Wouldn't it? Instead, he walked over to one of the deck loungers, sank down on it, kicked his feet up, and leaned against its upright back.

His father swiped a hand over his belly and brought it to his nose.

"I ruh-ruh-rubbed some lotion on you, whuh-whuh-while you were asleep. Didn't want you to get sunbuh-buh-burned."

Martin turned his head in Marty's direction and smiled at him from behind his shades. "Thanks, Biscuit Pants. Don't know what I'd do without you looking after me."

"I don't know either." In an attempt to lighten the mood and to get the easiness back with his dad, he smiled and added, "Luckily you don't have to find out."

Martin's smile grew even wider at the increasingly rare, toothy grin Marty treated him with. It had been a long time since Marty'd felt the desire to smile like that. Even with all the crazy thoughts running through his mind, he couldn't deny that the cabin had a nice effect on them both.

Martin sat forward and brought a leg up. He ran his hand up and down a few times, then lowered the leg and worked his thigh over.

"Didn't I get it all?" Marty asked.

"It's only in a few places," his dad said getting up. "I'll just rub it in a bit more, no worries."

Martin repeated the same action with the other leg, and then scooped some of the splattered coconut cream off the wall and rubbed it on his chest. Bending down, he picked up the bottle and cap, and walked over to Marty.

"Sit up straight. You've taken care of me, but you're already red...you should've done yourself first."

Marty froze for a second, then brought his feet down on either side of the lounge and sat forward. How many times had his dad rubbed sunscreen on him? More times than he could ever count. So why was he so nervous now? Marty told himself that all he had to do was keep his mouth closed, because if he tried to talk, his annoying stutter would be a dead giveaway.

His dad lifted a leg behind Marty's back and over the chair. After Martin settled in behind him, the insides of Martin's hairy thighs hugged the outside of Marty's. He heard a blob of cream squirting out of the bottle and his dad's hands rubbing together. "Lean forward a bit, rest your arms on your knees." Marty did and was acutely aware of how close his dad was—his pubes actually pressing into Marty's butt. With slow, dexterous motions, Martin started at the base of his spine and worked his way up Marty's tight back. Despite the damn butterflies, which had somehow turned into small birds, he couldn't help but relax under the firm touch.

Martin laughed as Marty groaned when he hit his shoulder blades. "Jeez, you're so tense. Relax, Bubba."

Marty laughed but didn't dare speak. When Martin finished up with his neck, Marty had in fact relaxed. Martin stood, adjusted the back of the lounge down flat, and walked around to Marty's front.

"Lay down, Stinky," Martin quipped.

Marty ripped off a few paper towels from the roll on the small table between their chairs, and wiped the sweat off his forehead and from under his pits. "Real fu-fu-funny."

Marty laid back and Martin straddled the lounge. It wasn't like Marty hadn't had massages before. It seemed Mr. Williams, the baseball coach's assistant, was always rubbing cramps from Marty's thighs or calves. Martin lifted first one of Marty's legs and then the other, so the backs of his thighs rested on the top of his dad's. Deftly, his dad massaged the cream into his skin. Martin didn't spend as much time on Marty's chest as he had on his back, but when his strong, slick fingers traveled past Marty's stomach and reached his thighs, he thought he might just throw up from his stomach's endless somersaulting. Then, just to seal the deal, the worst possible thing that could've happened did happen.

He popped a bone.

Not his usual kind either. This was a full-on, clear fluid already bubbling out of the tip, woody. Marty curled his toes and ground his teeth. His dad didn't let up or slow down. When he was done with the left thigh,

he moved to the right one. Martin started at the knee and worked his way up just like before.

Marty knew there was no way to hide his raging hardon, so he finally mumbled, "Suh-suh-sorry."

Martin looked up at him and shrugged good-naturedly. "Hey, you're fifteen, if you weren't popping wood every time the wind blew, I'd be concerned. And you're a Quillon on top of it, we're a horny bunch." Martin squeezed both of his thighs, got up, and ducked into the cabin.

He was back with more drinks and handed one to Marty before settling in the lounge chair next to him.

After taking a swig of beer, he asked, "Feel better? More relaxed?"

Marty only nodded, using his Strawberry Crush as an excuse not to form a response right away. When he was relatively certain he could speak without his voice cracking, he said, "Yeah. Thanks." He licked his lips and lowered the soda to his crotch, the cold contrast of the bottle against his burning dick nearly caused him to double over from the shock. It worked though, his boner finally started to die down.

Actually, once he'd gotten over the initial shock, the bottle's coolness pressing into his balls felt nice. Martin pulling the bill of his cap down to shade his eyes caught Marty's attention. He glanced over at his dad and wondered if he'd sprout wood every time Martin looked at him now. And, just that quick, Marty was hard as a rock again.

Martin / 35

Fighting to keep still on the sofa, Marty chuckled again, and Martin quickly scolded him. "Every time you laugh, my fingers lose their spot."

Marty's mischievous eyes darted up from where his head lay on Martin's lap, but his dad ignored the look and concentrated on the task at hand.

"You know, most folks would find this super gross."

Martin merely grunted in response, grabbed another Kleenex, and delivered the next admonishment. "I said be still." His fingers squeezed and he sighed with satisfaction. With a quick swipe of the tissue, he dabbed a spot of blood off Marty's chin, and then refocused his gaze back to his son's lower jaw. The intent determination at which he studied Marty's face provoked another chuckle from his son.

He flipped the used Kleenex onto the table where it joined a pile of others. "Okay, I'm done, then. If you're not gonna be still—"

Marty grinned with relief. "Jeez! Thank God! I thought you were gonna keep going until there was nothing left of my face."

Martin grabbed for his son's ear, intending to give it a hard tug, but Marty laughed and turned his face toward his dad's stomach. However, the position he'd been lying in on the sofa, his neck supported on one of Martin's thighs, found his turned face nearly buried in Martin's crotch.

"I bite," Marty started to warn wickedly, but it came out as more of a loud yelp when Martin managed to get hold of his other ear and gave it a firm yank. "You cheat!"

"Yeah, like threatening to bite my bits is playing fair," Martin shot back. "Get off me, you Choad," he said as he pushed his son aside. After grabbing the pile of tissues, he walked toward the kitchenette. "I gotta wash your blood off my hands. You think you'd be more grateful to someone who just spent the last twenty-five minutes popping your nasty zits."

Marty laughed. "You *like* popping my zits. Don't even try to pretend like you don't. It's always your idea to start this."

Martin flipped the tap on and soaped his hands. "I never said I didn't like it. I said you oughta be more appreciative, ya Sod!" He snatched a few paper towels and dried his hands. "And me *liking it* is my cross to bear... you just worry about your own problems, Sonny." He balled up the paper towels and lobbed them towards Marty.

"Whoa! That's three nicknames in a row...you're on a roll tonight. I'm still tryin' to figure out what the first one means." Marty raised his eyebrows. "Choad?"

"Look it up on your internet when we get home," Martin said, retaking his seat.

"My internet?" Marty lay his head back down on his dad's thigh and stretched his legs out across the length of the sofa. "The internet is *all mine* now, huh? Like *the entire* thing?"

Martin picked up the tattered paperback laying on the coffee table. He couldn't count the number of times he'd read *Interview with the Vampire*, but each time was just as good as the last.

"You keep goading me, Bathroom Singer, and I'll let you deal with that wasp's nest out by the dock tomorrow on your own."

Marty's chest shook in mirth. "For your information, I tear up Dolly Parton's *Jolene* in the shower and you know it. Hating on my voice is just —"

Martin threaded fingers through his son's sandy-blond curls, letting them catch briefly before pulling free. "I'll show you hate. Now shut it. We're reading tonight, right?"

With that, Martin watched as an amused Marty reached over, grabbed his tablet, and 'opened' book fifty-seven in some Boy Wizard series.

"Yeah, yeah. We're readin' tonight, Old Man." As Marty settled in, Martin flipped to his dog-eared page. "Chocolate later, right?"

During his own adolescence, Martin had acquired his lifelong taste for sweets, and he grunted now. "Yep. Dark chocolate Dove bites."

"Schweet! Gotta love the Dove!"



They relaxed on the sofa, each quietly lost in their respective fictional worlds. Martin with his feet kicked up on the coffee table, and Marty still resting his head on his dad's thigh. Martin held his book in one hand while the other rested on Marty's torso—his thumb absently brushing small circles at the center of his son's chest.

"Chocolate?" Martin murmured.

Distracted, Marty responded, "Uh huh."

When neither moved, Marty finally reminded him that he'd gotten the last pair of individually wrapped candies and it was Martin's turn.

After a few moments, Martin set down the paperback and grabbed the bag of chocolates. "Fine. But I'm unwrapping more than one apiece."

As his large fingers attempted to extract the candy from the foil, his son asked, "Dad?"

"Yeah?"

"How did the naked thing start?"

Marty laid the tablet on his chest and turned his head. Martin felt his son's head tilt back and wedge itself firmly between his thighs. He knew Marty got some sort of twisted pleasure out of watching him fight with the candy.

Martin's eyebrows were pulled together in concentration. "Um, I don't know." The foil had put up a plucky fight, but he'd finally won. "Yes! I got one."

Marty immediately opened his mouth and made an *ahhh* noise. Martin looked down and reluctantly released the chocolate into his son's waiting mouth.

"Spoiled Spawn," he huffed before snatching up another of the foil puzzles. More often than not, what did and didn't trigger Marty's choking phobia still perplexed Martin. Apparently, his son was fine with Martin dropping chocolates into his open mouth.

"My dad started bringing me up here when I was eight or nine...maybe even before that." He shrugged. "Nudity's just always been a part of Quillon's Covert."

He paused and looked down at Marty. "Does it bother you?"

His son stopped chewing and rolled his eyes. "You're doing it again, Dad."

"Doing what?"

"Talking to me like I'm a little kid."

Martin scanned the length of Marty's body. There was no doubt his son wasn't a little kid anymore. The baseball team track runs, the weight training, the nearly constant physical activity Marty enjoyed, all had an obvious effect on his maturing physique. The knowledge of how much that pleased the boy—the *young man*, he corrected himself—made him smile.

He glanced at Marty's crotch and wasn't the least bit surprised the boy was sporting an erection. It had been nearly a week since the *sunblock hardon*, and Martin had good-naturedly needled him about it—asking if it was sunscreen in general, or the smell of coconuts in particular that Marty found irresistible—because he didn't want the boy to feel self-conscious about something completely natural. That would have flown entirely in the face of what Quillon's Covert stood for; this was a place of relaxation and camaraderie and bonding. Since then, Marty had been freely pitching a tent more frequently than not.

"Okay, so let's talk about something a bit more grown-up. You wanna talk about sex?"

He watched Marty's Adam's apple bob up and down a few times before the boy responded.

"Wuh-wuh-what duh-duh-do you muh-muh-mean?"

He placed a finger to Marty's lips. "Hey. It's all cool. I just...well." Martin gave a nod toward Marty's rigid flagpole. "I just wondered if you had any questions? You know, about girls, or protection, or birth control."

Martin could feel the sudden, uncharacteristic tremble of Marty's lips beneath his finger, and his son's eyes began to glass over. Martin scratched his chin uncertainly. "Son, we don't..." He broke off as a tear slid down Marty's pocked cheek.

"Hey, hey, hey," he soothed. "What's all this about?"

Before he even knew what was happening, Marty had abruptly pulled away, sat up—his tablet clanking to the carpeted floor—and crawled up to straddle his lap.

Martin, suddenly feeling very protective, pulled his son forward and pressed their chests together in a tight hug. "What is it?"

Marty said nothing, but he could feel his son's warm tears spilling against his neck. Martin's mind stammered at both the oddity of having his fifteen-year-old son sitting in his lap, and at the possibilities that had caused it; had Marty gotten a girl pregnant? Or made a move on someone he was interested in and been rebuffed, or had he been involved with someone and it ended badly? He shook his head. No. He would've known if any of those things had happened. Wouldn't he? But something was terribly wrong. Or perhaps this was just another instance of overactive hormones. Lord knew he hadn't been able to count the number of times a day Marty's mood swung from one direction to the next. But even then, they never had him climbing into Martin's lap, nor did they include tears.

He loosened his hold, rubbed his hands up and down Marty's back, and decided to wait it out.

After a few moments, Marty began to speak into the side of Martin's neck. "Wuh-wuh-what—" He paused, cleared his throat, and started again. "Wuh-wuh-what..." He growled in frustration. "Fuh-fuh-fuck-ing st-st-stutter! I huh-huh-hate it!"

Something about the situation—the strange paradox of his teenager sitting on his lap crying, the incredibly foreign sensation of an erection digging into his stomach, and Marty's stuttering profanity—had him unexpectedly smiling. Yeah, no doubt about it, he had a unique sense of humor.

He schooled his features, gently pulled Marty back, and sitting him squarely on his lap, brought a finger to his lips.

"Just get it out, Dutch."

Marty closed his wet eyes and breathed deeply. "What could I tell you that would make you love me less?" he whispered.

Even though he'd finished the question, his eyes remained closed and fresh tears escaped the unopened lids. Martin's throat tightened too.

"Nothing," he said earnestly. "There's nothing you could ever say, nothing in the world, that would make me love you any less."

When his son made no move to either open his eyes or speak, Martin continued. "Is this about a girl? Has something happened?"

The minute shake of his head was the only response Martin thought he'd get, but eventually Marty continued in the same whispered voice, "There's no one. There's never been anyone. And I don't think there ever will be a girl."

"Marty," he tried, "you're still young, there's plenty of time to find..." He paused as his son's uncertain eyes slid open.

"No, Dad. It's not about *time*...I don't think..."

Although Martin's arm began to tremble slightly with the strain of keeping his finger lightly pressed to Marty's lips, he ignored it.

"You don't think what, Son?"

"I think I'm gay," he finally blurted and clamped his eyes shut again.

Relief swept over Martin, and he pulled Marty back to his chest. He wrapped one arm around Marty's back and the other closed around the nape of his neck. Fuck! Gay he had no problems dealing with; teenage pregnancy on the other hand was an entirely different thing.

"Jesus, you scared me, Nimrod! I thought... Damn, all sorts of things ran through my mind. Don't ever do that again."

Marty pulled away, sat back, and gave his dad a leery look. "Huh? You're not...um, mad?"

Martin reached up and wiped his son's tears away. "Of course I'm not mad. Christ, you're gay, not..." He sighed in renewed relief. "But if I bring up talking about safer sex with guys, are we gonna have a repeat of this?"

Marty grinned, a few errant tears still sliding down his cheeks, but didn't say anything.

"Because, with your freakish staying power"—Martin reached down, wedged a hand between his abdomen and Marty still hard dick, and pushed it up against his son's stomach—"the dudes are gonna be lining up. Now could you please take hold of this and stop jabbing me in the gut with it?"

Chapter 3 – Broken Arms and Persistent Niggling

Martin / 36

Martin pulled his son's T-shirt over his sandy-blond curls and couldn't help but notice the look of embarrassment in Marty's eyes. It had been over two weeks since the accident that had left both of the teen's arms broken and in casts, but Marty still felt self-conscious about having to rely on someone to perform even the simplest of tasks.

Martin snickered, deriving more than a bit of enjoyment in his son's displeasure.

"Oh, I've got a ton of tasks lined up for you to complete over the next two weeks...and I'm gonna love watching you try to do them with both arms in casts, you damn Goober!"

"Whatever," Marty said. Waving the tips of his fingers in a *get on with it* motion, he complained, "Are you gonna take my shorts off or just play with my zipper all day?"

His son's diverting retort was a feeble attempt at focusing the conversation on anything other than the "accident". Martin had to admit, Marty rarely fucked up, but when he did, he did it royally. The joyriding car accident was one of those times. Unfortunately, Marty would have to pay for that fuck-up—in a few different ways—and Martin wasn't particularly looking forward to his part: doling out the required punishment.

Martin stopped short of getting the zipper completely down and stepped toward the back of the truck. He dropped the tailgate and grabbed the first box of supplies.

With a wink, he said, "I think it should start now...with you getting your own shorts off. I'm gonna get to unloading."

"Dad. Come on, dude. I'll be here forever." Gone was the cracking, pubescent voice of last year. A richer, deeper tone had taken its place in the

last six weeks, and he was still getting used to the mature pitch coming from his son.

Martin carried the first box past an annoyed Marty and smirked. “It’s not my fault you decided to wear some fancy shorts with zippers and buttons to a nudist’s haven. I’d have gone with a pair of sweats myself.”

On his second trip to the cabin with boxes, he barked out a laugh when a frustrated Marty yelled *screw it*, followed by the unmistakable sound of fabric tearing and a button bouncing off the side of the truck.

When Martin stepped into the slightly stale smelling cabin with another load, Marty had managed to plug in the window air conditioner and was on his hands and knees trying to get the refrigerator plugged in. Seeing his son’s upturned naked ass, he couldn’t resist another jab.

“I hope you don’t expect me to wipe your ass for the next two weeks, because there ain’t no amount of love—”

The refrigerator kicked to life and Marty pulled open the door, avoiding Martin’s eyes. The avoidance, paired with his son’s stiff posture, spoke volumes and told Martin all he needed to know.

“Oh, you’ve got to be kidding me,” he groaned. “I gotta wipe your ass? What have you been doing at home?”

Marty stared into the open refrigerator long moments before quietly responding. “I guh-guh-go once a day...ruh-ruh-right before my nightly bath...so...”

He finally turned from the fridge, closed the door, and with some difficulty managed to pick up a tangerine from the box closest to him. He silently studied it for several seconds before letting it slip from his fingers and drop back into the box.

Obviously Marty felt a lot more self-conscious about the whole thing than Martin did. Sure, it’d been years since he’d wiped his kid’s ass, but he’d changed more than his fair share of diapers when Marty was young. This wasn’t *that* big a deal.

Martin set the box on the counter and then leaned his butt against the back of the sofa. Crossing his legs at the ankles, he tried to convey an easy, chill vibe. “Okay, so once a day before showering. I can handle that. But if you need to go more, I mean...”

Martin watched as his son’s eyes briefly met his before landing over his left shoulder. By the look on Marty’s face, there was no doubt in his mind what had his son’s attention.

The paddle. They both knew the joyriding car accident mandated punishment.

When those blue-gray eyes settled on his, Martin didn't say anything, but instead gave a short nod in response to his son's unasked question.

Christ, he thought, let's go from one uncomfortable conversation to another.

Marty sighed and picked at the corner of a box. "I mean, fuck. Haven't I been through enough already?"

Martin pushed off the sofa and stood facing his son. The mood had suddenly grown even more serious, and he stared at Marty until his son finally brought his eyes up and met his own.

"That's seventeen. You will not ever swear at me. I've done nothing to deserve such disrespect. Am I clear, Martin Junior?"

Long ago, back with Martin and his father, it had been determined serious infractions warranted a strike for every year of his age. The tradition had been carried on with his own son. Marty's "accident," unquestionably, called for sixteen strikes, the profanity—the utter disrespect—directed at him, added another.

As much as some things remained the same at the cabin, others changed. When Martin was a child, the paddle was kept at home and would make the trip up to the cabin along with him and his dad. However, Allie didn't approve of corporal punishment, where Martin devoutly believed in its merits. As a result, the paddle now permanently hung next to the bed in the cabin. And even though spanking wasn't a part of Marty's home life, an infraction, at any point in the year, would be dealt with upon their next trip to the mountains. The arrangement, though a huge departure from Martin's upbringing, worked for their family. And, it wasn't as if the paddle got used every year. In general, Marty was an exceptionally good kid.

The irritation in his son's demeanor quickly faded. And when his eyes met Martin's, he could already see the apology in them.

"Duh-duh-dad, I duh-duh-didn't mean..."

Normally there wouldn't have been anything that would have kept Martin's calming finger from his son's stuttering lips. Today he stood firm as Marty broke off, trying to stifle the stammer on his own. Marty took a few steps, closing the distance between them, and hooked Martin's hand into his. Before he understood what was happening, Marty brought Martin's calloused index finger up to his own lips. Holding it there, he closed his

eyes and stilled himself. When he opened them again, he stood close enough that Martin could see the gray flecks that gave his son's eyes their extraordinary color.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean it like that. I never meant to be disrespectful," he said quietly against Martin's finger.

There wasn't a single question in Martin's mind about his son's sincerity. That, combined with what Marty had done with his finger, left Martin's throat tight and his eyes tingling with emotion.

Marty released Martin's hand, stepped around him, and, with some effort, managed to unhook the paddle from the wall.

Handing it to his dad, he said firmly, "Seventeen. If it's okay with you, I'd like to get this over with, unless making me wait is part of the punishment. And, if it is, I accept that too."

Martin never looked forward to delivering punishment. But what had just passed between them made this time even worse. No, he had no desire to prolong this. It was best to get it over with and enjoy the rest of their time together.

He nodded briefly. "Now is fine."

Considering his son's condition, his casts, he doubted Marty would be able to brace himself against the counter.

With a tilt of his head toward Marty's arms, he asked, "Over my knee, or can you support yourself standing?"

Marty scrunched his eyebrows in thought. "Knee."

Martin moved to the sofa and set the paddle down on the coffee table. As he took a seat on the edge, he felt a hesitance regarding the pending punishment—a hesitance he'd never felt before. Glancing up, he couldn't help but notice again how his boy had grown into a young man. The once lanky teen had developed into a strong athlete, and he couldn't help but think Marty had gotten his wish; though he was smaller framed, like his mother, he looked more like the man he longed to be each day.

"Son," Martin started, but had to stop and take a breath. He needed to be strong, to get his head on right. It had been three years since they'd shared this punishment space, and Marty had been a boy then. Now a nearly grown man was preparing to bend over his knee. Martin had been two years younger than Marty was now the last time he'd felt this same paddle at his father's hand. After a few moments, he continued. "Let this be the last time,

okay.” He’d meant it to be a statement, but it came out sounding much more like a question.

Marty nodded and his rich, confident, “I’ll do my best, Dad,” gave Martin some solace that this would in fact be the last time.

Marty stepped up, started to bend at the waist, but with the casts, it was obvious he wouldn’t be able to put his body over Martin’s knees and control his descent without the use of his arms. Martin watched as he started to kneel, but then decided he couldn’t achieve the correct angle to get himself into position that way either. Jesus, talk about awkward, Martin thought.

“Um, cuh-cuh-could you...s-s-sit all the way back, Dad?”

Martin nodded, pulled his knees together, and pushed his back up against the sofa. Once in place, Marty knelt next to him, his knees pushing the cushions down with his weight as he prepared to lie across his dad’s lap.

“Cuh-cuh-can you help me lie down?”

Martin was no longer sure who was more embarrassed. Without answering, he leaned forward and wrapped one arm around his son’s back while holding the palm of his other hand to Marty’s chest, easing his son onto his lap.

Marty stretched his casted arms above his head, where they nearly hung off the end of the sofa, and gave an unmanly ow-ow-ow!

“Dad?” he panted. “Can you spread your legs a bit...my nuts...are getting squished between...”

He sighed in obvious relief when Martin spread his knees and Marty’s junk fell between his parted thighs.

“Fuc...” Marty started, but caught himself. “I mean, *jeez*, that hurt!”

Martin felt it coming, even brought his hand up to cover his mouth and quiet the noise, but the laugh reverberated through his body. When Martin looked down and saw his son peering up at him with an arched eyebrow, he lost the fight and barked out a laugh.

Quickly he apologized. “I’m sorry. It’s so *not* funny, but—”

Marty chuckled. “No, it is. It’s the most ridiculous spanking I’ll ever have.”

One of Martin’s hands had been resting on his son’s back, and the other now sat casually atop his ass. He playfully gave it a squeeze. “You do realize there’s no way I’ll be able to swing the paddle like this, don’t you?”

A smile spread across the exposed half of Marty’s face. “Ah, so my plan wasn’t half bad then, huh?”

Before either of them knew it, the only sound in the room was the air conditioner's overworked fan. The tense moment was punctuated by Martin's question.

"So, my hand, then?"

When Marty indicated his consent with a small nod, Martin briefly ran a palm along his son's strong back, before ending the brush with a pat to indicate they were beginning.



"Seven," Marty counted as Martin's hand struck.

Although his discomfort was clear, his son wasn't in agonizing pain either. But, then again, that was never the point of punishment. Martin's goal had never been to hurt his son, but rather to bestow humility. The act of submitting to punishment was humbling enough. Indeed, he never varied the strength of the blows based on the level of his anger or disappointment. Sure, the wallops had grown stronger as Marty aged, and Martin meant for them to sting like a bitch—maybe even burn for a few hours—but his intent would never be to truly hurt his son.

Martin chose a fresh spot on Marty's right cheek. *Slap...*

"Eight" came the quiet response.

Right above his left cheek, almost at his son's lower back, was his next selection. *Slap...*

Marty seemed to utter something sounding like a cross between a whimper and a moan, but Martin wasn't quite sure exactly what it was.

"Nine."



"Fourteeen," Marty breathed out, and what Martin had thought might be his son's lengthening dick after strike twelve was no longer in doubt.

Slap...

Marty ground his hips into his father's lap—driving his hard cock into Martin's inner thigh. "Jeez! Fifteen."

Slap...

"Yeees," Marty hissed. Belatedly adding, "Sixteen."

Slap...

Martin pulled his stinging hand away and rubbed it across his damp brow.

Marty's flushed face held a heated expression. "Fuuuck," he moaned. "Seventeen."

Without thinking, Martin brought his hand down hard against his son's red ass. "Language, Martin Junior."

Marty's hips ground hard into his dad's lap and the dazed grin on his son's half exposed face couldn't be missed. With his cheek pressed to the sofa, Marty husked, "Eighteen."

Martin hoisted his son off of his lap and onto the cushion next to him, where Marty immediately sank back onto his haunches, his hard dick jutting out between the two of them. His son's impressive package took Martin's attention before he studied the boy properly. Marty's pupils were dilated, sweat covered his face, his chest rose and fell in an unsteady rhythm, and he still wore that dazed, heated grin.

Marty finally broke the strange silence with the expected apology. "It was wrong for John and me to take his father's car without permission. It was wrong for me to get behind the wheel and drive without a license. We've talked about when it's okay to smoke pot and when it's not, and it was wrong for me to smoke and drive. You know I've talked to Coach Davis, and he's willing to hold the Little League assistant position for me until I get out of these casts. Every penny I earn this summer will go toward paying you and Mom back." He paused and shook his head. "All of it was wrong, and you have my apology, Dad."

Martin, unnerved by the entire spanking, and particularly his son's still erect dick, said the first thing that came to his mind. "Well, although that wasn't quite the punishment I'd expected it to be, and—" Tilting his head toward Marty's crotch. "—I think I can safely say that'll be your last spanking. I accept your apology. Now, how about you see what you're able to do as far as unpacking the rest of the supplies from the truck?"

Marty's eyes almost shyly darted to his crotch. "Um...can I...try and do something about this first?"

Martin got up and took the few steps over to the refrigerator. After grabbing a six-pack of beer off the counter, he set it on the top shelf. "Outside" was his somewhat rattled response.

Marty / 16

What the fuck just happened?

Had he really just popped a bone while his dad punished his ass? Who does that?

“You alright there, Wood Master?”

Marty awkwardly adjusted his sketchy grip on the bag of groceries. “I can manage.”

“Don’t overdo it.” Martin grinned, purposefully ignoring Marty’s struggle, while sitting on the stairs spooling a new line on his reel. Of course Martin wouldn’t offer to help him lug things inside. And why should he? Marty was the dumbass who’d broken both arms. He was still thankful his best friend, minus a few scrapes, had been unharmed. Joyriding, he thought, and smoking pot while doing it, had been a seriously fucked up idea. The bag nearly slipped from his tenuous grasp as he climbed the stairs. Yeah, he knew he deserved everything his dad planned to dish out, and probably a lot more.

After hauling the rest of the groceries into the kitchen and unpacking them, he pulled the fresh linens out and set about making the bed. What should have taken only a few minutes saw dusk approaching as he edged the mattress back into place with his knee. Martin had lugged the outdoor furniture out of the shed and onto the side deck and front porch. Marty looked out the front window, wiping his brow along his bicep, and watched as his father finished stringing the hammock in its customary spot between two trees down by the lake. The air conditioner’s cooler breeze blew across his sweaty stomach and caused him to shiver as Martin made his way up to the cabin. Although it was getting slightly cooler inside, it wouldn’t become really comfortable until night fell.

Martin pushed open the door and wandered toward the kitchen sink. “Hey.”

“Back atcha.”

Martin’s head tilted curiously at him, and Marty chuckled. “The voice is still freakin’ you out too, huh?”

Martin grinned. “It really is. It sounds like you, but different at the same time, ya know?”

He couldn’t help but notice his dad’s chest hair matted against his sweaty skin, making his body seem even darker than it was. Marty busied

himself with adjusting the air conditioner's vents and tried his best to keep his eyes from landing anywhere other than on his father's naked body. The sound of tap water running was interspersed with splashing noises, and he glanced over to find Martin spread-legged, hunching over the sink, dousing his entire head under the cool water.

Bent over like he was, Martin's thighs were parted and his heavy nut sack, hanging low from the heat, swung between his legs. Again Marty looked away, wondering how his eyes always seemed to find his dad's nuts while admonishing himself for even looking. Martin shut off the tap, ripped several paper towels off the roll, and ran them over his face and hair.

"Um," Marty began.

Martin lifted an eyebrow and swiped the paper towel at his neck.

"I'm gonna...go to the bathroom, if that's okay?"

"Why wouldn't..." Martin started but then understanding dawned in his dark eyes. He pulled open the refrigerator. "Yeah, sure...I'm just gonna grab something cold to drink. I'll fetch the lantern and meet you at the shower."

It wasn't dark yet, but sunset wasn't far off. Marty hesitated a moment. As much as he needed to use the bathroom and wanted a shower, he'd also been slightly dreading the thought ever since they'd arrived. There was no way he could bathe himself. Back at home, his mom had rigged up a *sponge on a stick thingy* that he used in the bathtub to clean all of his unreachable spots. He hadn't taken a bath since he was a kid, but the tub allowed him to keep his casts dry while still managing to get himself clean despite his arms' limited mobility. He knew there wouldn't be that option at the cabin—Dad would have to help him—and that both excited him, and filled him with dread. "Sure," he finally answered. There was no way around it, so he may as well get it over with.

"Grab the toiletries on your way down, if you can manage," Martin said. "I'll head around back, get the water to the shower turned on, and then meet you down there."



"*Keep cool*" Marty repeated over and over as he made his way toward the shower, the toiletries precariously held between his two immobile arms. The constant reminder he kept playing in his head, "*He's your dad. He's your dad,*" wasn't really doing much good. But he silently repeated it over

and over anyway while telling himself that thinking about Martin in *that way* wasn't something he should even let cross his mind. It all turned out to be pointless as he made the trek down to the shower and saw his buck-naked father stretching under a steady stream of water. Blood instantly began flowing into his traitorous dick. Not for the first time, he thanked God not only for the fading light, but also for the seclusion of their cabin; at least he wouldn't be sporting a hardon in front of anyone other than Martin—and his dad was more than used to his perpetual erection.

Marty's throat clicked from a dry swallow as he came to a stop near the spray's edge. He took in his dad's closed eyes, his bowed head, and his relaxed expression as water beat against his back. The few errant beads, as they landed on his broad chest and formed into snaking rivulets down his torso, captivated Marty's attention. Martin's closed eyes allowed Marty's gaze to chase the water's trail down to his father's wet dick. Yep, there was no doubt in Marty's mind; he was definitely crushing on his dad.

And jeez, what a manly dick it was. Once he'd discovered Internet porn on his iPad, and what some of the adult stars did with their foreskins, he was grateful that both he and his dad were uncut. And bam, his mind went to the last video he'd watched and suddenly he was the one kneeling at Martin's feet, running his tongue up inside the soft skin, pulling it back, sucking his father's wet cockhead. *Whoa!*

Martin opened his eyes and caught Marty's gaze. What little use he had of his fingers failed him and the toiletry bag spilled onto the ground. Soap, shampoo, toothbrushes, combs, everything fell to the grass. "Damn arms," he cursed, bending down while silently chastising himself again for the casts, and for not being able to keep his mind from drifting—yet again—to sex with his dad.

Martin stepped out of the stream and bent down to help toss everything back into the bag.

"The permanent hardon making ya lightheaded, Bonser?"

Marty snorted but nodded in agreement. He attempted to lighten his embarrassment and added, "It takes a lot of blood to keep that thing full, ya know."

Martin grinned as they both stood and pulled Marty into one of his one-arm hugs. Of course he couldn't return the embrace without getting his casts wet. But he enjoyed the solid, reassuring squeeze nonetheless. No matter how old he got, there were times, like now, when Marty was

suddenly thrown back in time. He was six again, it was a bright Sunday afternoon, and he and Martin were on the sidewalk in front of their house. Elbow and kneepads, along with his helmet, were all in place, but he'd stubbornly refused to wear the protective gloves as he stepped onto his first skateboard. The day before had been his birthday and they'd spent it up the coast at his grandfather's house. He'd thrummed with excitement at finally getting to try out his Brand-X Weirdo board. He'd loved that board—its crazy three-dimensional shapes and vibrant colors reminding him of his favorite video game at the time; Q*bert. But, not two minutes in, he'd been tossed off the board, landing palms-first onto the concrete. Although he'd felt incredibly foolish, Martin picked him up and ruffled his hair. *"Whaddya say we learn how to ride first and save the crashing tricks for later, huh?"* Marty had laughed and wrapped his arms around his dad's strong neck. Setting him back down, Martin grabbed the hem of his T-shirt and wiped at Marty's palms. *"Nah, barely any blood...won't even need a Band-Aid...wanna try out those gloves?"* Looking back, Marty now understood that in everything his father said and did, there was quiet reassurance. An unspoken guarantee that as long as Martin was around, Marty would be safe.

This uncoordinated, one-arm hug, right here, the one that had him slightly off-balance with the side of his head pressed to Martin's, was the same hug he'd gotten that day, and Marty couldn't help but feel that same reassurance. Wet toiletries, broken arms, smashed cars, and his nagging boner all be damned, Marty knew everything would be cool.

Martin released him and bent down, then tore a kitchen garbage bag off the roll lying in the grass. After opening it up, he started with Marty's left arm, tightly and carefully wrapping his cast. It took Martin only a few minutes to finish, and then he started on the right arm.

"Dad?"

"Hmm?" Martin held the tip of his tongue between his teeth as he concentrated on getting the bag's top completely sealed off. He looked up at Marty when no reply came.

"I mean, we're okay, right? You know I'm sorry about the car, the accident, the casts...all of it, right?" Marty knew they were, everything about Martin's demeanor said so. But he just needed to hear his father say the words.

Martin blinked. Then secured the top of the bag with a piece of tape and lowered Marty's arm. His dad stared at him for a short moment, his eyes indiscernible, then placed a palm on Marty's shoulder. "I know you are, Bud. And, yep, we're completely cool," he reassured, and then guided Marty under the showerhead.

The water was the perfect temperature for offsetting the muggy lake air; not too hot and not too cold. Unfortunately, it wasn't cold enough to force the blood from Marty's unabating lead-pipe of a dick though. It was like the damn showerhead was aimed right at his junk! A constant stream pounded his head, just where it disappeared under the skin, and his fucking cock just bobbed in eagerness.

He cut his eyes to Martin, somehow convinced that his father could hear his internal, and increasingly profanity-laced, dialogue.

Doing his best not to squirm under the teasing jet, he chided himself for not choking one out before the shower. But trying to jack off with the casts often left him more frustrated than when he started because he couldn't always get the friction he needed for release.

Moments after the shampoo bottle's top popped open, his dad's strong fingers began a lather of thick foam into Marty's hair. As hard as he tried, he couldn't remember the last time his father had done this.

"This is nice," Martin said softly.

"Hmm?" Marty asked distractedly as Martin increased the pressure.

His father leaned forward and spoke closer to Marty's ear. "Kinda thought I'd never get to do this again." He pushed his fingers forward, scraping them against Marty's skull and running them through his hair, just to hook them in and pull slowly backward, only stopping when they reached his nape.

"Jeez," Marty moaned and closed his eyes. "Dad, does Mom know what she's missing out on? That feels really good."

Martin's chest rumbled with a low chuckle as it brushed against Marty's back. "Who says she's missing out?"

"Damn," Martin said over Marty's shoulder.

Marty opened his eyes and followed Martin's stare. "What?"

"I'm not sure, but I think I should start preparing my condolences now for your future boyfriend," Martin said with a warm laugh.

When Marty blushed, Martin asked, "Is the water too hot? 'Cause that blush is eating you alive."

“Har har!” Marty snorted. “You think you’re funny, don’t you? I’ll have you know, I think there are plenty of guys out there who’ll be okay with it...maybe even like it.”

Martin chuckled good-naturedly and wrapped his strong fingers around Marty’s neck, guiding him forward under the stream to rinse his hair. “Oh, I have absolutely no doubt they’ll be lining up.”

Martin’s powerful, sure grip on Marty’s neck offered him a deep sense of security. It easily brushed aside any remaining thoughts of Marty’s summer screw-ups. Martin’s confident hold communicated so much; that single touch held their shared history, it held their wonderful memories, and most importantly, it held his dad’s devoted love.

“I see practice is paying off.” Martin pulled him from under the water’s stream.

“Huh?” Marty asked, lost in thought.

A soapy hand ran down Marty’s firm back. “These muscles are impressive. But then you’re a Quillon, aren’t ya?”

Marty’s chest swelled a bit when his dad’s hands glided over his back. “Hey, don’t dis my hard work with talk of your good genes. I put a lot of hours in on the field, and even more in the gym.” Marty smiled over his shoulder. “Not that I don’t appreciate your contribution, but I deserve some of the credit too, ya know.”

His dad gave him a wink. “That you do, Ace. That you do.”

Martin’s hands dipped lower, smoothed over his ass, and then lifted his heavy cheeks. Marty’s breath quickened as his dad’s fingers slid beneath his glutes, ran between his crack, and then moved to his taint.

God, his dad was touching him, and thanks to his lingering erection, he didn’t even have to worry about Martin knowing how much he was enjoying it. He closed his eyes again, relaxed, and immersed himself in the feeling.

When Martin perfunctorily ran a finger across his hairy hole, his knees briefly shook before he willed himself to simply relax again and enjoy the sensation. However, he couldn’t hold back the spontaneous squeak when his father’s thick finger edged just inside before quickly moving back along his taint.

“Sorry ’bout that...just tryin’ to be thorough...didn’t realize things were quite that slick down there.”

Marty's breath shuddered, but he managed what he hoped was a convincing "*No worries.*" Before trying to burn the memory into his mind. Fuck, that had been nice!

Martin knelt to do the backs of his legs and his breath drifted over Marty's ass. "You're getting to be a hairy bastard, like your old man." And just like that, Martin's hands retreated and his dad was upright, towering behind him again.

Marty kept his eyes closed and could still feel Martin's thick finger dancing over his hole. Fuck if his dick wasn't begging for some attention. But just as he foolishly tried to reposition the water's jet *toward* his crotch, Martin placed sturdy hands on his shoulders and turned him around carefully. The pounding water hit his back and rinsed the soapsuds from his skin.

He was caught by surprise when his dad didn't seem to think twice and dipped his soapy hand between Marty's legs, just behind his balls, and built up a frothy lather. When Martin's slick fingers cupped his nuts, Marty wasn't sure if his legs would hold steady. He fondled them as he washed them with one hand and Marty's cock bobbed with the attention.

Marty fought to keep his face neutral, while also being wholly determined to enjoy his father's touch.

"These still get sore?" Martin asked matter-of-factly.

Marty shook his head briefly, not sure if he trusted himself not to stutter.

"You sure?"

Marty's nonverbal answer seemed to distract him and his fingers absently continued to roll his nuts around.

Marty took a deep breath through his nose. "Yeah. Th-th-that stopped near the beginning of the year, thankfully."

"Good. You're lucky. I had several years' discomfort when I went through puberty. In fact, there was a time I thought cutting them off would be less painful," he said with a small chuckle. "But I'm rather fond of them now, so the agony was worth it."

Martin grabbed hold of Marty's dick and pulled back the foreskin. Even though he knew it was coming, he had to fight to keep from doubling over as electricity shot up his spine. Jesus, his dad was touching him—touching his hard dick.

Martin worked the soap around Marty's dick, getting it in between the creases of the foreskin attempting to wash off the sticky precum that kept

Marty's underwear permanently damp these days. However, the stickiness was replenished nearly as quickly as Martin could wash it away.

Undeterred, he began to redouble his effort.

Marty was in heaven. He'd never been touched by anyone before, and now his father was unknowingly edging him closer to orgasm. He knew he couldn't take much more *and* maintain the façade. Hesitantly, he whispered, "Dad?"

Martin looked up questioningly, while still determined to get his oozing dick clean.

"Yuh-yuh-you haven't forgotten I'm g-g-gay, right?"

Martin scrunched his brows together and wiped the dripping water from his eyes with his free hand. "No, I haven't forgotten," he answered, the confusion clear on his face.

"So, um, th-th-that...what you're doing, feels really nice."

Martin's brows pulled together even further. "But, I'm your dad—"

Marty closed his eyes and breathed deeply. He focused on not giving way to the tingling in his balls and just how close he was to shooting his load in Martin's hand, and interrupted, "Maybe it's *because* you're my dad."

He crept his eyes open and met his dad's uncertain gaze. Marty could see his father was slightly taken aback, and the pressure on his dick eased off completely.

"Oh...um..." Martin started but then trailed off.

Chapter 4 – No Question, I Know What I Want

Marty / 17

Marty remained seated, yawning for good measure to make it seem like he was still waking up from the drive up to Quillon's Covert. His dad had stridden into the cabin, and Marty heard him opening the windows to begin airing the long-closed-up space out, while leaving Marty in the truck to wake up. The thing was, Marty was already awake and had been the entire drive up the mountain. He'd also been frustratingly aware of his dad's every movement next to him. Feeling every scratch from his dad's hairy arm against his smoother skin when he shifted the truck's gears, or brushed against him when Martin picked up his coffee cup or replaced it in the cup holder. He'd felt it all. How could a single year change so much, he wondered. Last year he'd been a curious sixteen-year-old, occasionally crushing on his dad, and had even fallen asleep for part of the drive up, but not this year.

He rolled down the window, enjoying the fresh mountain air, and reflected on the past year. It had been loaded with personal highs for both of them. Dad's business had experienced massive growth with two large government contracts. Those had spawned countless smaller, subsequent contracts that led Martin to almost doubling his workforce—all in the span of twelve months. And, in the last few weeks, he'd been in talks with a German software entrepreneur who'd recently moved his business to the US and purchased a sprawling southern California estate. Not that the growth had really surprised Marty, his dad was one of the most dedicated men he knew. If Martin set a goal, failure simply wasn't an option.

For Marty, life couldn't be better. Or perhaps it could, depending how he looked at it. He was well on his way to securing the baseball scholarship he'd worked so hard for. It was to an in-state college, and the odds looked really good that he'd get it. He was doing exceptionally well in school, and had cultivated several close friendships, including a few he knew he'd hold

for life. To top it off, his dad had been awesome about his coming out, and even helped him broach the subject with his mom, who ended up being as equally cool as Martin had been. Yet, the one thing he wanted more than anything seemed further away now than ever.

It was the reason his legs now refused to move. It was the reason he couldn't get out of the truck, march up to his home-away-from-home, and look the most important man in his life in the eyes. That reason? Last year's shower. Well, not just the shower, but the shower *and* everything that had led up to it. Starting with his tremendously stupid joy-ride-fuck-up, then culminating with Martin soaping his dick, and Marty ignorantly telling his father how much he liked it. He'd asked himself countless times why he'd made the confession, but the answer was the same each time: because he loved his dad. Which would've been fine, if his were the kind of love sons normally felt for their fathers. But he knew that wasn't the case. That fucking shower had set so many things in motion, and changed so much about how they interacted afterward. It began with the very next night's shower, which Martin had used a washcloth for, performing it like a task and not something shared between them. By last year's end, the nightly showers had become so impersonal and chore-like that Marty had actually dreaded them. Now he wasn't sure if he and Martin would ever be able to get back to the place they'd been before.

Sure, they still hung out as much as ever. They still played baseball on the weekends, worked on his pitching and catching, still went to games, and did all the regular guy stuff. But something was off; physical closeness had always been natural and easy between them, but it now seemed somehow tainted and strained. Yeah, the fucking shower—his confession—had changed things. What Marty didn't know for sure was if the change was solely on his father's part. Had he put more emphasis on the confused look in Martin's eye last year than he should have? Had that uncertainty caused him to pulled away too? Was the distance he felt now, and in those last few showers, partly his own doing? He sighed and leaned his head against the passenger window. Now they were back in the mountains and everything he'd tried not to dwell upon the past year was back in full force.

"Hey, Slacker," Martin called from the porch. He clinked his elbows together and scowled. "No casts this year, so no loafin'. Pull your ass out of the truck—and bring my beer and Oreos with you!"

Marty smiled slightly, thankful that at least not everything had changed.



“Seriously?” Martin asked and dropped his fork on the paper plate with an exaggerated sigh. “What’s with the mood, Bubba?”

Marty bit his tongue and shuffled potato salad around on his plate. He and his father had been doing a marathon of *Nash Bridges* episodes over the past few nights, and the new nickname was like a punishment to him. He wasn’t a kid anymore, and the nicknames had really started to bother him. “You know that nickname annoys me...and this potato salad sucks.”

Martin sat the paper plate on the small deck table that separated their two outdoor chairs, bunched up his paper towel, and dropped it on what remained of the awful potato salad. “It’s really bad, isn’t it?”

Marty offered a small shrug at his dad’s dejected scowl.

“Every year you want me to make it, and every year it turns out the same horrible way.”

Martin eyed the last piece of his bratwurst peeking out from under the napkin, picked it up, shoved it into his mouth, and pushed the paper plate with the uneaten salad farther away. Despite everything, Marty found it far more difficult than he should to look away as his dad’s lips stretched obscenely around the sausage.

Martin picked up his beer, sat back in the deck chair, and drew his brows together in an exaggerated scowl. “You know, if you hadn’t scoffed at the potato salad Mom made for us years ago and just accepted it, I wouldn’t have to try and copy it every year for our inaugural barbecue. But no, you were all about, ‘Dad can make it, Mom. He knows how.’”

Martin sat back in his seat and twisted the beer in his hands. Even his ribbing wasn’t getting much of a rise out of Marty. “Seriously, Buddy. Talk to me. I know whatever’s been going on with you isn’t just hormones anymore.” Martin swallowed a mouthful of beer. “We’re over the worst of that now anyway.”

“I’m happy you think so,” Marty snorted.

Martin laughed and adjusted his balls; they’d become pinched between his thighs when he picked up his beer. The routine gesture didn’t escape Marty’s notice. He allowed his gaze to linger a moment and admire just how perfect and heavy and hairy they still were. Did Mom teabag Dad? *Whoa!* Those thoughts weren’t gonna help anything.

Martin reached for his shades, to protect against the sun's rays as it set over the lake. "Look—" Martin scratched his chin and broke off. Dead *nervous tic* giveaway.

Somehow the knowledge that his dad felt awkward too was somewhat comforting to Marty, and he finally started to relax a bit.

Martin kept facing forward. "I get that this is a difficult age, and I'm thankful we're still as close as we are. I see some of the relationships my employees have with their boys...it's just...I know how lucky you and I are." Martin cleared his throat. "What I'm tryin' to say is, let's not let anything ever come between us, okay?"

Martin turned his hidden gaze to Marty. He knew his dad was trying to tell him that things could be okay again, and Marty appreciated it more than Martin would ever know, but he just wasn't sure how they'd get there.

Although he didn't really feel it, he reassured Martin. "Of course, Dad. Nothing. We're rock solid."

Martin laughed and glanced down at his crotch. "Is that a quip at me?" he asked. "I've only been away from your mother ten hours and my dick is already starting to complain."

Marty dared the quickest of peeks at his dad's fuller than normal dick, but no more. "At least you have Mom to help you out," he said, and damn if it didn't come out sounding much more resentful than he'd intended.

"What happened with Tony?" Martin asked, adjusting his ball cap and taking another swig of beer.

"Turned out to be a bottom. Wasn't a good fit."

Martin laughed, and Marty thought he sensed relief in the man's rugged features. Was it only because Marty had made a joke? Or was his dad trying to tell him that he'd be more comfortable with his son sharing more personal aspects of his life? Maybe Martin missed them talking, really talking, as much as Marty did? Like the way he'd overheard Martin's friends talking to their sons about girls? Did his father want him to talk about the guys he'd begun dating? Would that help bring back the missing ease in their relationship?

"Yeah," Marty said, testing the waters. "And he was into really weird stuff. Like once, he wanted to suck my toes. How creepy is that?"

Martin choked on his beer, spewing it over his stomach and fatter than normal dick. "You're kidding!"

"No way!" Marty said, feeling his mood lighten a bit.

“But he seemed like such a wholesome boy.” Martin wiped his stomach and gave his dick a yank to remove the spilled beer.

Of course, Marty couldn’t help but wonder how a mix of beer and precum would taste. Fuck, he was hopeless.

“I drew the line when I woke up to discover a pair of my Nikes were missing. I knew he’d taken them the night before ’cause he couldn’t wait to get home after our make out session.”

“You’re killing me,” Martin said with a laugh.

Marty smiled, thankful that a bit of their easy camaraderie had returned. If there was one thing Marty should have learned over the years, it was to never underestimate the healing powers of Quillon’s Covert.

Martin / 37

“The fire out?” Martin asked through a yawn and pulled the covers back on the bed.

Although the air conditioner was working just fine, the small window unit couldn’t match the 102-degree day they’d just had. At some point during the night, they’d need a sheet, and perhaps even a blanket if they were lucky, but right now Martin just bunched both down to the foot of the bed. The campfire wasn’t for warmth, but rather a moderately successful attempt at keeping the mosquitoes at bay.

“Yep. It’s out. And the fishing poles are put away, and there’s no food left out to attract critters, and the seat is down on the outhouse stool, and—”

Martin punched the pillows to fluff them up, tossed his cap onto the nightstand, and pointed a finger at his son. “Look, you aren’t too old for me to bend over my kn...” His son’s lifted brow and subtle smirk kept Martin from finishing his words.

“Yeah, ’cause we both know how well that went over last time.”

Marty nudged his father’s shoulder. “Get into bed, Old Man, I’m beat! Next time the roof ‘only needs a few shingles replaced’ I vote we hire someone.”

Martin climbed into the bed and schooled over to take his customary spot next to the wall. “Well, so long as your vote comes with the cash to back it up, I’m good with that.”

Martin lifted his arm and Marty snuggled down next to him, resting his head on his father’s firm chest.

Martin was so glad the weirdness, which had begun near the end of last year's trip—after the shower—and that had kept them apart, now seemed behind them. During the first few days of this trip, he'd felt sure the change would be permanent; Marty had seemed as distant as he'd been since the end of last year's trip, if not more so. Martin understood the catalyst that had caused Marty to pull away. And perhaps Martin had pulled back too. He vividly remembered trying to avoid any contact in last year's subsequent showers that could be misconstrued as more than bathing. And, after they got home, Marty had started sitting in one of the living room chairs, instead of on the sofa next to him, when they'd watch movies or games. While he'd reluctantly chalked their new dynamic up to last year's shower, he also tried to reason that Marty was getting older and a growing distance between a parent and child was natural. The thought had made him sadder than he'd imagined, but it seemed every time he got remotely close to discussing the subject, Marty would change topics. Now, after more than a week at Quillon's Covert, it seemed things had miraculously returned to the way they'd once been. Perhaps Marty finally understood they could be close—very close—without things veering into a direction he was sure neither of them really wanted.

“Not gonna be too hot is it?”

Martin yawned. “Nah, it's never too hot to snuggle.”

He was once again relieved that Marty was gay, particularly now that they'd fallen back into the familiar, comfortable habit of lying with each other at night. Martin knew most fathers and teenaged sons didn't snuggle together. But, with Marty being gay, it somehow lessened the need for Martin to put on some sort of hyper masculine front. Not that throwing fictitious fronts up had ever been part of their relationship. But without a doubt, Marty being gay made it easier to be physically close.

“Not that I didn't enjoy it, you know.”

Martin picked up the thread of their earlier spanking conversation and ran a sleepy hand down Marty's back. “Um, yeah, that part was kinda hard to miss. And you have the nerve to complain about Tony *being into really weird stuff*. And we're *so not* talking about this. Shut-up, Bobcat. Go to sleep.”

Marty's fingers softly skimmed through the hair on Martin's chest, and he felt his son's growing erection thickening next to his thigh.

“And don’t be grinding against me all night either, Horndog,” Martin warned with a snort.

Marty laughed and the warm breath across Martin’s chest relaxed him even further. “It’s not my fault that you’re so damn hunky just lying next to you gives me a bone.”

Martin ran a hand through his son’s still shower-damp curls. “If that were the only time you popped wood, I might believe you. I’ll be so damn glad when your hormones even out. I haven’t gotten a good night’s sleep this whole trip. But, at this point, I’m beginning to think that may not happen until your early thirties.”

Marty’s lack of response and easy breathing led him to think his son had fallen asleep. Several long moments passed when Marty quietly asked, “Dad? Do you think we’ll still cuddle like this when I’m in my thirties?”

Martin pushed his nose into his son’s hair. “I sure hope so. Now, Go. To. Sleep.”



Martin woke, yet again, to his son’s incessant grinding. It was the third time since they’d lain down that he’d been jarred out of sleep by the jabbing of a hard cock into his thigh.

Leaning in, Martin kissed the top of Marty’s head and tried to extricate himself from the boy’s firm hold. Grinning, he thought if Marty were still a *boy*, he’d have no reason to try to move him, nor would he be struggling to pry the *man*’s entrapping arm from his body.

Realizing defeat, he shook his sleeping son’s shoulder. “Marty? Marty, wake up.”

“Uuuhhh?”

Marty’s sleepy response was no more out of his mouth before the soft snoring and grinding resumed.

Martin chuckled at the absurdity of it. “Marty,” he said more firmly. “You’re grinding again.”

“Dad,” Marty husked in sleepy irritation. Not lifting his head from Martin’s chest, his grip cemented even further around Martin’s torso.

“Goddammit...suh-suh-stop...waking me...up. Gooo to sleeeep...”

Quite obviously Marty was still asleep, otherwise he would’ve never spoke to his dad that way. Beyond anything he could control, Martin barked out a laugh.

Marty, only slightly more awake, brought a hand up to rub his eye, then curled it around Martin's stomach, and laid his head back down. "Dad? What's going on?"

Martin smiled up at the ceiling. "Your cock is hurting me, that's what. And I have to pee."

"Oh. Go back to sl..."

And, just like that, Marty was nearly out again. Yet the grinding resumed, and before Martin realized exactly what the movement of his son's hand meant, Marty had clasped Martin's dick, stroked it fully and seemed to fall completely back to sleep while holding it.

Both Martin's mind and heart raced. He lay there, stock-still. When Marty's fingers tightened slightly, Martin's cock bobbed and twitched involuntarily. What the fuck? Why hadn't he tossed Marty's ass onto the floor yet? Or, at the very least, woken his son up? Why was he still lying there with his son's hand wrapped around his dick and doing nothing about it?

His throat popped loudly as he swallowed, trying to get some moisture into it, when Marty's hand tentatively slid up his shaft and back down again. On the second down stroke, Martin covered his son's hand with his own and stilled them both.

There was no question Marty was awake.

"Son. This can't happen," Martin whispered firmly.

Marty gently forced his hand down and back up his dad's length. "Buh-buh-but what if I wuh-wuh-want it to?" he asked just as quietly.

"Okay, for one thing..." Martin started, but then had to swallow again as Marty forced another stroke. As if it were something physical, he had to overpower the completely insane desire to thrust into his son's grip. "...this sorta thing isn't only about what one person wants. And I know I don't have to explain that concept to you." Regaining a bit of his composure, he continued. "For another, I'm...your dad. I'm also firmly in the heterosexual camp. Then there's the fact that you're still a minor, and—"

"I'm only a minor in some states," Marty said firmly.

"Marty, I will not argue about why you need to take your hand off my cock."

His son's hand slid down Martin's shaft again, and within seconds Martin had flipped them both. He held Marty's hands above his head and pinned the younger man down with his much heavier body. Instantly he

realized his mistake as he caught his son's moonlit eyes and recognized the unmistakable desire that filled them. The look took him aback; no one—not even Allie, his wife and soul mate—had ever looked at him that way.

Marty juttied his hips up, rubbing their hard cocks against one another, and whimpered. “Puh-puh-please. I...want this, Dad. I want *you*.”

The desperate, earnest plea—combined with over a year devoid of Marty's touch—shot foreign feelings, confusing feelings, strange feelings through Martin's entire being.

“Stop,” he said firmly as his head swam. He wasn't unkind, but he knew he had to put an end to this before it got out of hand, before things were said or done that neither of them could undo or unsay.

Marty wrapped his legs around Martin's waist, locked his ankles at the small of his back, and pulled their pelvises together. He stilled, but his heated gaze didn't waver. “Be hon-nuh-nest with muh-muh-me? You wuh-wuh-ant this tuh-tuh-too, right? I cuh-cuh-can feel you a-a-against me.”

Should he lie? If the man beneath him were anyone other than his son, would he be putting a stop to it? He may have never thought of another man in a sexual way—hadn't looked at his son that way, until this very moment—yet here he was, more than a little aroused by the male body he held pinned down and the hard cock rubbing alongside his. And this was Marty. His Marty.

Marty rolled his hips and Martin innately ground his cock into his son's. “Daaad,” Marty hissed.

Right there, *that* single hissed word was the absolute killer—Marty was *his son*. And Martin was married. And, perhaps most importantly, at least at this very moment, Marty was only seventeen.

He made a decision he hoped would stop whatever was happening, and also one he hoped he wouldn't regret.

“Listen to me very carefully, okay?” He paused, waiting for a response. He had to know Marty was hearing his words.

When his son nodded, he continued. “No, you're not...entirely wrong...” When Marty opened his mouth to speak, Martin hurried on. “But this will not happen, Martin Junior. It will not. Not...now. If you feel the same way next year, we'll... We might talk about it.”

He started to release his hold on Marty's wrists, started to lift his body from his son's, but the sight of Marty's parted lips stilled him. The pause seemed all the encouragement Marty needed. In a heartbeat, Marty strained

forward and brushed his lips against Martin's. When Martin didn't immediately break the contact, Marty pressed their lips more firmly together. Martin allowed the kiss to linger for a few moments before finally pulling away.

He left Marty lying lengthwise on the mattress, while he pushed his back up against the wall crosswise. *What the fuck just happened?* He bent his knees, rested his elbows on them, and then took a deep breath trying to calm his shaking hands.

The cabin had cooled off and the air conditioner's chilly breeze blew across both of them. Goose bumps formed on Marty's torso as deep breaths were drawn in by each of them. Marty's—filled with excitement—contrasting against Martin's, who tried to force calm, to force ease.

"Fuck," Marty murmured and ran a hand through his hair. His fingers caught and he simply held them there. "That was... Wow!" His other hand snaked down his abdomen and took hold of his hard dick. "I'm gonna jerk off." Marty held his stare. "Will you watch me? Please, Dad?"

Every parental instinct to run and leave Marty alone cried out, told him to back away, but Marty's questioning gaze pinned him, and mixed in with the obvious desire was the unmistakable ache of a young man who just needed his dad...

Maybe it was the father in him that answered. Maybe it wasn't. But Martin found himself doing the only thing he could in that moment...he nodded. *Maybe just this once.*

Chapter 5 – The First Time

Martin / 38

They got out of the truck, closed their respective doors, and when Martin pulled the truck's tailgate down, they each unexpectedly took a seat. Everything felt wrong. Neither of them had stripped out of their clothing, like they usually did, when their feet hit the Quillon's Covert ground; neither of them had talked, like they usually did, on the drive up; and neither of them met the other's eyes, which was completely unusual.

Sure, the weeks following last year's visit had been slightly strained, but as those weeks turned into months, things had slowly gotten back to normal. Or as normal as Martin had suspected they'd ever get. It wasn't everyday your son tried to seduce you. And, that wasn't even entirely accurate. Sure, Marty had instigated things, and even though Martin had put a stop to full-on sex, he'd allowed—hell, participated in—watching his son masturbate. For all intents and purposes, they'd had sex.

Again, as the weeks had turned into months, Martin had hoped the memory would fade, but it hadn't. If anything it had grown stronger. He had no doubt the current mood was being set by him.

"So..." he started, but then didn't know where to go from there.

Marty chuckled softly. "Yeah, it's pretty fucked up, huh?"

When Martin lifted an eyebrow, Marty asked, "Does the profanity really bother you that much?"

Martin offered him a small smile. "Not even a little. You should hear the way the boys and I talk at work." He looked back toward the woods. "I was just...tryin' to be a good dad, Marty."

Their hands rested side-by-side on the tailgate, each gripping its edge, and Marty slid his over to cover Martin's. "Well, you succeeded. I honestly couldn't have asked for a better father."

He pulled Martin's hand free and entwined their fingers. "I love you, Dad."

The hair on Martin's neck stood on end and his face flushed. He knew he shouldn't ask, but he had to know.

He didn't look at his son, but rather kept his gaze firmly pointed toward the woods. "I get the feeling that means...something much different than it used to."

Marty seemed to be interested in the same far off spot in the woods. "It means I count myself very lucky."

The warm fingers around Martin's hand squeezed briefly and then released. Marty hopped off the tailgate, stripped his clothes off, and gave Martin's shoulder a playful punch. "Come on, Old Man, the truck's not gonna unload its own damn self."



Martin sighed and grabbed two bottles of beer out of the fridge, and a Strawberry Crush. It was day six and he and Marty had barely spoken. Not that they weren't talking, they were, they just weren't saying anything real to one another. No, they were acting like strangers.

The sound of a line being cast out brought his gaze out the window and down to the dock. They'd been fishing most of the morning in an uncomfortable silence. Marty wasn't ignoring him, the same way he wasn't ignoring Marty; they just didn't seem to know what to say to one another. He and his son, the person who he loved more than anyone on the planet, couldn't find two words to say to each other. And then there was the fact that Marty had slept on the sofa the first night and every night since.

Martin made his way back down to the dock and noticed a few more fish in the bucket. They'd be eating well tonight.

"I fetched you a soda, or a beer, whichever."

"Oh cool. Thanks."

Marty had just finished reeling in his line again and put the pole aside as Martin set the drinks down, when they both raised up at the same time. "I'm gonna grab some more bait. This lake is full of thieves."

Martin reached out and took his son's wrist, but then didn't know what to say.

"Dad?"

Martin looked out over the water. When he finally spoke, he couldn't keep the melancholy from his voice. "I miss you, Marty."

Marty's response cut him to the quick. "I'm not goin' anywhere, Old Man." It wasn't the words themselves, but rather the way they were delivered. Like Marty was talking to an acquaintance, or a friend, not to him. It held none of the familiarity, none of the closeness, none of the love Martin had enjoyed the entirety of his son's life. He was losing the Marty he knew.

Prickling behind his eyes caused him to release Marty's wrist, and when he turned to face his son, Marty's smile faded.

"No, Marty, *I miss you.*"

Martin watched as his son's kind, emotion-filled eyes suddenly blinked back the same tears he was trying to hold at bay.

"I'm suh-suh-sorry—"

Martin raised a finger to his son's lips and held it there.

"I love you Marty, more than anything. I don't want to lose you. To lose us."

Marty's head shook. "Dad, I promise you, you're not. I'm sorry. It's my fault. I just don't know...how you want me to act. I think it's pretty clear what I'd...what I'd hoped for."

He bent down, picked up both bottles of beer, handed one to Martin, and then sucked down half of his own.

"Look, Dad, I don't want you to think... Fuck, why aren't the words coming out ruh-ruh-right?"

He tipped the bottle back up, drained it, and started again.

"I'm just trying to come to terms with a new reality, is all. I'd hoped for something, and when I finally accepted it wasn't going to happen, I... Yeah, I just don't know how to act right now. And, I'm embarrassed. And, I'm hurting. And I...fuck, to be honest I just wanna huddle up somewhere on my own and mourn." His lips curled in a self-conscious grimace. "How's that for honesty?"

Martin thought for a moment, swallowed hard, and bowed his head. "Who says it's not gonna happen?"

He knew what he was saying, knew what it meant, and knew that if he put it out there he couldn't back down. No, if he said something like that, something this important, he'd have to stand by it.

Marty shook his head. "What? I'm not sure what that means."

"It means that maybe you're not the only one who's embarrassed and hurting and who feels like mourning. I'm totally out of my element here

and I'm fucking petrified."

His son's head shook back and forth again. "No. I think I know what you're doing, Dad, and even though I appreciate it—"

"Can I touch you?" Martin interrupted.

"Huh?"

"I'm asking if I can touch you, Marty."

"Since when do you need to ask permission?"

Martin took a small step to close the gap between them and rested his hands on the outsides of Marty's upper thighs, his fingers curving behind his son's back and landing just above the swell of his ass.

"Since the way I planned on touching you is in a way I've never done before."

Marty's head shook again. "Dad," he whispered, "you can't. I don't think you understand. *I love you*. And as much as I'd like to, I won't let you do this to try to fix things. I promise, I'll be okay. I just need some time. We just—I—just have to find a way of dealing with the passing of a dream." Marty snorted. "Now if that doesn't sound fucking dramatic, I don't know what does."

Martin ignored his son's well-meaning comments and decided it was time to man up, to say what he'd been relentlessly turning over in his mind for months.

"Marty, I'm not gay."

"Dad, I know—"

"No, please let me finish. I'm not gay, but...but I love you more than anyone. Probably more than I should, in fact. But that's beside the point. The point is..." Martin's confidence faltered for a moment, but he plowed ahead. "The point is, although I'm not sure I'll be able to love you exactly the same way in return, the thought of being *that* close to you, of *sharing* something so...intimate with you, it's very appealing. Very. And, honestly, I'd be honored. Beyond honored."

The trembling in Marty's body couldn't be missed.

"D?"

"Yep, right here, Buddy"

"Cuh-cuh-can I touch you?"

"Um, so I'm guessing it's not your fingers nudging my thigh, then?"

Marty smiled briefly before bringing his fingers up to run along Martin's jaw. "Are you saying it's okay for me...to love you? I mean, that

you're cool with that? And that we're gonna..." Marty stopped and waggled his eyebrows.

"I'll never ask you not to love me, son. How could I, when I love you more than what's probably appropriate? And as far as...the other," he said with a goofy grin, "I think I'd enjoy trying. But I don't know much about... gay dude sex."

Marty laughed. "What's to know? Tab A goes into Slot B."

"Yeah, well so long as mine is Tab A, and yours is Slot B..." Martin said with a smile.

His son's fingers slid down his neck and came to rest on his collarbone, and he stepped closer, their bodies lightly brushing one another's thighs and groins and chests. "You'll tell me if...if you're uncomfortable, right?"

Martin looked into his son's loving eyes. "I promise, if you'll promise to do the same."

God, Martin couldn't believe he was standing here, touching his son in an incredibly intimate way—and enjoying it—and talking about sex. Talking about the two of them *having* sex. He didn't want to say it, didn't want to ask it, but he had to.

"Son, don't you feel...like this is wrong? That it's somehow... perverted?"

Marty shook his head. "I don't, Dad. I've had years to think about this. I know what I want, and I'm sure of how I feel. But, I guess the more important question is does it feel wrong to you?"

Martin wanted to ask if Marty had also thought about his mother. He wanted to ask what he thought it'd do to Allie if they went ahead with this and she ever found out, what it'd do to their family. But Martin knew his son, knew the kind of person he was. Of course Marty had thought about those things, and Martin didn't feel it was right to make those inquiries. No, if they moved forward with this—and it certainly seemed like that's what was happening—then they'd each have to deal with Allie in their own individual way. Admittedly, Marty had had years to think about this, where Martin had only had twelve months. But, he'd thought of little else in his quiet, alone times, and he'd come to a decision, a decision he was at peace with. If Marty wanted to move forward, Martin felt he was as ready as he'd ever be, and he'd allow them both to deal with their respective decisions and consciences privately.

When he didn't answer right away, Marty ran his hands over Martin's furry chest. "You are the kindest person I know. There's not a single thing I'd change about you. Not one. Make no mistake, I do love you, and I've thought of this moment since I was fourteen. If it ends up happening... there's no one I'd rather share my first experience with than you."

Martin considered his son's words. Did this moment feel wrong? He became a bit more daring and allowed his palms to trace the curve of his son's ass, and had to admit, nothing felt wrong about that. Before he could contemplate any further, Marty's last words sunk in; he'd be his first?

"You're a virgin?" he asked in surprise. "What about the boys you've been dating?"

Marty mimicked his dad's touch and ran his hands tentatively over Martin's firm ass.

"Kissing. All I ever did was kiss the boys I dated. And not even all of them. I wuh-wuh-wanted to wait."

Martin's dick continued to swell and nudged against his son's. "To wait for me?"

Marty's shoulders lifted in a small shrug. "What's wrong with waiting for the one you love?"

Marty / 18

“You’re kinda freaking out a bit, aren’t you?”

“About...?”

Marty pulled his leg out from under him on the couch and sat both feet on the floor from where his dad looked up at him. “About having sex with the child you sired?”

Martin dropped his eyes to the floor. Marty felt like he had to take some of the lead, or they might just sit here all night. He placed a soft palm on his dad’s shoulder, and spoke slowly. “Dad, we agreed, right? Whatever happens, no awkwardness.”

His dad’s shoulders lifted, and he blew out a quiet sigh through his nose. He looked up at Marty and smiled.

Although this was difficult for him, too, taking more of a lead like this, Marty had to acknowledge that he’d had years to think this through; his dad, on the other hand, hadn’t. Whatever Marty was going through, there was no doubt it had to be harder on Martin than it was on him.

“I...we...you didn’t...I wasn’t sure—”

Marty leaned forward and placed a single finger to his dad’s lips. The touch stilled Martin immediately. The role reversal initially shocked them both. However, it passed and was quickly replaced by one of shared solidarity and affection. Martin wrapped calloused, weather beaten fingers around Marty’s hand and gently landed a tender kiss to the tip of his finger.

When Martin finally spoke, Marty was impressed with both his clarity, as well as his honest sincerity. “Yeah, watching you beat off last year, while looking at me—staring at me—freaked me out a bit. I mean, I couldn’t help but imagine what you must have been thinking. But then we went back home, got back to our lives, and the more I thought about it, the more used to the idea I got.” Martin paused, closed his eyes, and took a deep breath before continuing on. “I’ve thought about that night a lot, Marty. A lot. Muddled it over in my mind, turned it over this way and that, studied it from every angle I could think to study it from. And then, after a while, I don’t know...it just started to seem less weird. I wanted to talk to you about it, but talking about it away from here seemed wrong. And then we had sorta stopped talking in general.” His dad’s shoulders lifted in another small shrug. “I guess you might be surprised, but loads of straight guys crush on their moms. So...”

Marty softly chuckled. "Okay, that last part was just random...and eww."

Martin didn't join in on the joke. "Point is, after thinking about it, I didn't find it all that strange anymore. You're gay, so it's kind of the same thing, right?"

Marty furrowed his brows. "Wait. I don't want this to be some sort of pity thing," he said as honestly as he could. "You feeling sorry for the gay son crushing on you, or something, so you—"

Martin shook his head firmly. "No, that's not what this is. Just let me talk, okay? Let me try to articulate this."

Marty snapped his mouth shut and kept his eyes on his dad's serious face.

Martin scratched his chin fiercely while staring off in the distance. "You've grown into a handsome man, there's no doubt about that. When you walked past me on your way to baseball practice, or when you came back from swimming practice, I couldn't help but appreciate the man you'd grown into. When you were in the bathroom at home, and you took longer than necessary in the shower, my mind drifted. It took me a while, Marty, but like I said out on the dock, I honestly want to share this with you. I really do, son. And, the fact that you saved yourself for this? For me? It blows my mind, and God help me, but it just makes it that much more meaningful."

"D?"

Martin smiled up at him reassuringly. "Yep, right here, Buddy."

"Will you kuh-kuh-kiss me?"

Martin started to rise to his haunches but Marty didn't give him the chance to bridge the gap. Instead, he shot forward and pummeled his father to the floor. They landed awkwardly with him sprawled out on Martin's beefy chest. Marty pushed up, and straddling Martin's waist, he hovered his lips just above his father's.

"I've never kissed a guy older than me," Marty said softly.

Martin spoke against Marty's mouth. "I've never kissed a guy before... period. Well, except for last year, but that really wasn't—"

Marty leaned forward and sealed a kiss he'd dreamt of for years. He'd heard people being asked what their first kiss was like. It seemed they tried to come up with an apt story that lived up to other first-kiss stories. Fireworks. Explosions. Violins. But, in Marty's experience, the reality of highly anticipated events rarely lived up to the expectation. Yet some

people were lucky enough to catch a glimpse of perfection, to live the cliché, and Marty felt certain that's exactly the way he'd look back on this moment.

Their evening beards scratched against one another as he pressed his lips against his dad's. Thank God he'd had plenty of practice and was confident he wouldn't come across as a novice. At the first opportunity, he sucked Martin into his mouth, tasted his father, and got lost in the feeling of their tongues sliding along each other. Martin sucked harder, dominating Marty's tongue, leaving little doubt as to who was in charge.

As Marty reveled in the dichotomy of Martin's tender kneading of his ass, and the urgent tongue exploring his mouth, he was nearly overwhelmed at the millions of sensations coursing through his body and mind, sensations he'd never forget. Here was the man who'd known him from the day he was born, who'd helped him through the measles, and popped his zits, and bought him his first car, and was helping him fill out college applications. Now he and that same guy, that same amazing man, were making love.

He was incredibly lucky and he knew it. He had the love of a wonderful father and a beautiful man, but this coupling would bring them full circle. Some people lived and died without ever knowing either, and Marty understood that no matter what might happen in the future, he and his father would now truly know one another. They'd always have this amazing moment.

Eventually the kiss broke with a gasp for air. Martin opened his eyes, and for a moment Marty wondered if the same lust was reflected in his eyes that burned in his dad's. It was so intense that it very nearly robbed Marty from the little breath he'd been able to recover.

"What are you thinking?" Martin asked through quieting huffs.

"I'm thinking if that's the way you look at Mom..."

Martin sat forward, caught Marty's back with strong hands, and then rested him against the couch. After another intense kiss, he broke away and rested their foreheads together.

Martin closed his eyes and breathed heavily. Marty watched his father's expression grow serious, almost pensive. "Mom is the last thing I wanna think about right now. Okay?"

Marty nodded in understanding and brought his lips back to Martin's. "Got it."

His father's woodsy, musky smell stole his attention, and it wasn't something he could resist. He began working his way over Martin's rough chin, and finally down along his stubbled neck.

When Martin lay back down, giving Marty room to move, Marty followed him, landing nipping kisses on his father's collarbones. Those collarbones had been the constant bane of Marty's life, and he couldn't count the number of times he'd imagined running his tongue over them. How many times, he wondered as he moved farther down, had he also dreamed of tasting his dad's perfect nipples? His tongue swirled around one, and he closed his lips around the soft brown flesh, sucking until it stood hard. When he pulled back and blew on the wet nub, his dad's back arched.

"Not funny," Martin said through clenched teeth. Marty couldn't help but smile. It must be a Quillon trait, having incredibly sensitive nipples; Marty had barely been able to touch his own since puberty without getting hard. He'd even experimented with shirts made of different materials in an effort to keep his nipples from torturing his every waking moment. By the looks of it, Martin was the same way, and he planned on exploiting everything that gave his dad pleasure.

He moved down the flat, furry ridges of his dad's stomach and took in the rich muskiness of Martin's center. The involuntary tightness in his throat suddenly stopped Marty's descent just short of the prize that had filled his dreams.

"What's wrong?" Martin immediately asked.

"Nothing," Marty continued downwards, kissing the ridges of his dad's abs, while not being able to control his own shaking.

"Marty?"

When Marty didn't respond, but continued his way down, Martin slid a finger under his chin. "Hey, Sport, hold up. What's wrong? Why the shaking?"

"Nuh-nuh-not shaking."

Martin ran a hand through his hair, and Marty knew the mood was now truly fucked.

"Uh-huh," Martin said slowly and tried to catch Marty's eye. "If you've changed your mind, or—"

"No," Marty reassured quickly. "Fuck, no. I've wanted this for as long as I can remember."

Martin hunched his shoulders. "Okay. Then...?"

Marty rested his chin on Martin's abs and sighed. "It's so totally fucked up. You remember the candy cane thing?"

His dad nodded. "Of course I do."

Marty sighed. "I guess it's not just some foods I'm afraid of choking on."

"Jeez." Martin blew out a breath. "I never thought about...it. That giving head might be a trigger."

Although the thought of choking frightened Marty far more than he'd ever be able to put into words, he wanted to do this nearly more than he wanted to breathe.

Martin's hands wrapped around Marty's shoulders and he allowed himself to be pulled back onto his father's firm body. Calloused hands rested at the small of his back, and he felt his dad's toes playing at the outsides of his ankles.

Marty rested his cheek on Martin's firm chest, and was nearly dumbfounded at his dad's never-ending capacity to offer comfort and solace. Often times without even uttering a word.

"I love the man you are, Dad." Marty toyed with a bit of the soft hair covering Martin's chest. "You inspire me to be a better person."

Martin's chest rose and fell with a brief laugh. "Why, just because I'm not willing to let you choke yourself on my dick for my own pleasure?"

"Promise me we'll never lose this," Marty said ignoring the joke.

"The blowjob? I can't promise I won't miss it." As he chuckled, Marty felt his dad's cock jump between his thighs.

Marty lifted his head and looked down into Martin's crinkled eyes. "The love, Old Man. The love."

The playfulness in his father's eyes faded and was replaced by sincerity. "I promise."

The closeness of their proximity, along with his dad's wet, hard dick bobbing between Marty's thighs, rekindled his long-held desire for Martin.

"Believe me..." Martin kissed his forehead, "I don't need a blowjob to fully enjoy this."

Marty clinched his muscular thighs together, pinning Martin's dick between them, and lifted his hips off his dad's waist, before slowly lowering them again.

Martin's gaze heated and he ran his hands along Marty's sides. "Damn, that feels nice."

Marty repeated the movement, building delicious friction. Each time he raised himself, he dragged his dick against Martin's hairy abdomen, and every time he lowered himself, he felt his dad's foreskin being dragged down the thick shaft it covered. The more he repeated the movement, the more his dad's cock oozed precum and lubed his thighs.

"Um, faster," Martin breathed.

"Kiss me." Marty lifted himself up again and then pushed back down hard.

Martin sealed their lips together. Pushing his tongue inside, he fucked Marty's face with a searching kiss, roaming the crevices of Marty's mouth as Marty increased the rhythm.

They pulled apart as he felt his dad's body tense, his own release creeping closer.

"D?"

"Yep, Right here, Buddy," Martin panted.

Marty spilled onto his dad's chest, followed seconds later by Martin exploding between his thighs. Marty collapsed into the feeling of strong arms wrapping around him. Those arms conveyed desire, and security, and love. They lay like that, wrapped up in each other; no words needed, simply sharing the same private space and the same private moment.

Marty thought back to his father's question on the dock. No, he knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that what they'd just shared was clean, and reaffirming, and positive. He'd never look at this as anything even remotely bad or wrong. There was nothing perverted about the trust, or the love, or their shared history. All of it was as pure as it could be.

Eventually the need to adjust their positions found Marty's back pushed into Martin's chest, and they lay spooning on the carpet. Neither had bothered to clean up, the result of their lovemaking having long ago dried. Martin reached up, snagged a throw off the sofa, and pulled it over them.

Marty had just experienced one of the most memorable events of his life, so when Martin, who had a strong arm wrapped around Marty's chest, relaxed into the beginnings of sleep, Marty searched for some way to prolong the momentous moment. He was reminded that humor was one of the ways he and his dad always connected.

"Dad?"

“Hmm?”

“Sometimes the reason I took so long in the bathroom? It’s ’cause I was digging through the laundry basket looking for your underwear—to steal them.”

“Fucker,” he said sleepily. “And Mom blamed the cleaning service for helping themselves to my briefs.”

Marty groaned. “Oh God. I swear, I never even thought about her noticing.”

Martin’s lips pressed to the back of Marty’s neck in a smile. “Don’t worry, I inadvertently covered for both you and the innocent cleaning lady when I told your mother I’d probably left them at the gym. But, once again, you have the nerve to complain about *Tony being into really weird stuff*.”

Marty laughed, “I promise, I couldn’t help myself.”

Martin’s soft rumble against Marty’s back was exactly the addition he’d sought; the moment was complete. His dad’s lips formed another soft kiss, and then Marty was pulled back even tighter into his father’s strong chest. There had been few moments in his life that Marty could recall being completely at peace, he was sure this would always be one of them.

Chapter 6 – Finally

Marty / 19

“Leave it. Let it ring,” Marty’s rich voice demanded.

“When did you become so bossy?”

“Sometimes I *really* dislike that we have cell service up here now.”

Eyeing his dad warily, Marty lathered oily lotion over his chest and abdomen in preparation for another day outdoors. “I’ve been looking forward to these two weeks all year. How many games have we missed due to work commitments in the past twelve months?”

“I recall you canceling on me more than a few times too, kid.”

They both glanced down to the coffee table at Martin’s ringing cell, and Marty wasn’t surprised the caller ID displayed *Herr Krüger Ubel*. “Besides, that dude is a freak.”

“That dude is paying for your college education,” his father scowled.

“And I raised you better than to talk about people like that, Martin Junior.”

Herr Krüger Ubel was the German software mogul who’d granted Quillon Designs several lucrative contracts, and it wasn’t like Marty wasn’t grateful for the business. He’d begun learning the ins and outs of his father’s company last summer after he and Martin talked again about what Marty wanted to do after college. He’d known for years he wanted to work with his dad, but Martin insisted Marty hold off on any decision regarding his future at Quillon Designs and, instead, focus on his education. Last year, here at the cabin, out on the dock, the discussion had finally been laid to rest when he told Martin, *I’m working for Quillon. So unless you’re not gonna hire me, I’d like to put this topic to bed*. Although the joy in Martin’s eyes at Marty’s decision couldn’t be missed, his dad had called him a mouthy brat and then tossed his ass into the lake.

Marty sighed. “I know you raised me better. But the way he looks at me sometimes...it just gives me the creeps.”

“He’s not creepy, Marty. He’s just...German.”

“You do realize how ridiculous that sounds, right?” Marty laughed. “Anyway, can’t we at least *try* to leave the outside world outside? Unplug. Like we use to?”

“I’ll unplug if you will.”

Marty’s fingers automatically roamed to his naked thigh as muscle memory led him to search for his phone. Only he was buck-naked. His eyes fell to the oak coffee table, but Martin picked up his cell before he had the chance.

Martin smirked. “You game? It’s not as easy when you’re on the receiving end, is it?”

“And how would you know what it feels like to be on the receiving end?” Marty quipped. He grinned as a bit of the color drained from his dad’s cheeks. Martin lowered his arm instinctively to cover his chest and protect his personal space. It cracked Marty up, seeing his powerful, macho dad tense at the thought of having a dick in his ass.

“Relax, stud, I don’t wanna top you.”

Martin furrowed his brows. “Why the hell not?” He craned his neck to stare down at his butt. The action forced Martin to make a 180 degree turn where he ended up with his back to Marty. “What’s wrong with my ass?”

“You’ve got a fine butt, Dad.” Marty admired the furred, brawny ass. “Better than fine. I just like to receive.”

Martin turned back around. “You do? Have you ever?”

“No, you know I’m a virgin, Dad.” And, unless everyone else was lying, he was the only nineteen-year-old virgin he knew.

“I know no such thing. I knew you were a virgin last year, but...”

He saw *that look* in his father’s eye and his heart sped up. When it came to sex, Martin was just like him; they both could go from casual conversation to instantly horned-up in a matter of seconds. His dad dropped Marty’s phone on the table next to his own and stepped closer. Marty shivered as his father’s calloused fingers slowly drew up his tense thigh. When they finally came to a stop, lightly gripping Marty’s thickening cock, he exhaled a shuddered breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding. The rough palm pressed against his dick, pulled upward in a gentle milking motion, and then abandoned it. Before he could protest, Martin had brought a finger to Marty’s lips and gently prodded them apart. The fat digit quickly swept across his tongue, before he felt the slick finger smooth over his swollen cockhead.

“D?”

His father’s lips were so close that Marty could swear he felt stubble brush across his lips with Martin’s enticing, whispered reply. “Yep, right here, Buddy.”

Martin’s other hand circled behind. His fingers landed at the top of Marty’s crack as he pulled their bodies together. Then the thick fingers trailed down his crack, using the sunscreen Marty had just finished smearing all over his body as lube, while slowly pushing his foreskin back down Marty’s dick until he reached the base. His dad’s fingers were deft, agile, inspired, and pursued their intention with staggering confidence. Martin’s fingers, at the base of Marty’s cock stilled, keeping his skin peeled completely back. The equally clever fingers of his father’s other hand applied gentle pressure to Marty’s opening that threatened to push through the unexplored passage.

Marty’s heart raced and he felt slightly lightheaded.

“You knuh-knuh-know,” he panted, “For a straight guy, you shuh-shuh-sure know...” His concentration broke when one of his dad’s strong fingers nudged just inside before slipping back out.

Martin grinned. “I know what, Son?”

His body shivered as Martin’s finger threatened to push back in, but instead made a slow, smooth circle around his opening.

“You, sure knuh-knuh-know what you’re doing,” he finally managed to force out.

“Yeah? Well, I may have watched a few videos.”

Jesus, the thought of his dad watching gay porn so he’d know what to do when they had sex was almost too hot for Marty to imagine. Particularly in his current state.

“D?” he whispered against his father’s lips.

Martin’s eyes twinkled. “Yep, still right here, Buddy.”

Marty had been prepared to ask a question, but when his father grazed his lips along Marty’s cheek, over his jaw, and nipped at his earlobe before following the same path back, Marty had lost all thought.

Martin’s warm breath brushed across Marty’s face. “I’m curious how do you know which you prefer, if you’ve never dipped your dick into a hot opening before?”

The crass, sexy words—words he’d never used with Marty before—had Marty’s knees shaking. Fuck, his dad was talking dirty to him, and he liked

it. Marty closed his eyes as pleasure swarmed his body.

Just like that, the pressure on his ass was gone, and his dick felt nothing but cool air as it pulsed against his stomach in arousal. When he opened his eyes, Martin was out the door and already half way down to the lake.

“Bastard,” Marty hissed as he took off after him.



Nearly a full week of their short two-week break was already gone, but Marty was having the time of his life. Sex only got better with age, his dad assured him as they relaxed on the deck with two rods between their legs, reeling in their dinner. The sexual tension between them was palpable, like it always was now, even though what Marty really hoped for—to feel his dad inside him—hadn’t happened yet.

Marty wasn’t concerned, though. He had no doubt that by the end of this trip he would no longer be a virgin. That knowledge excited him as much as it tied his stomach and tongue into knots. It would happen. It was going to happen. They both knew it would. But he felt no need to rush it. When it did happen, it would be completely perfect.

Yeah. Right. It would probably end up being awkward as hell, and sweaty, and hot, and embarrassing. Real life very rarely followed a script. But no matter how it ended up, he couldn’t wait.



That evening Martin sat flipping the pages of his book. He was engrossed in some Ty Cobb biography paperback, and it grated on Marty’s nerves. He liked baseball just as much as the next guy, but right now, Marty wanted sex.

The fact that it was nearly a hundred degrees outside, and not much cooler inside, and that they were both naked and spread out on the carpet, didn’t help Marty’s libido at all. His dad lay on his back, holding the book above him as he read, and as Marty sat across from him, his back resting on the side of the soft sofa, he found his gaze cemented to Martin’s thick, soft cock.

“It’s my vacation too,” Martin said without taking his eyes off the page. “I also get to relax how I want.”

Marty blew a breath through his teeth. He grabbed his beer, took a swallow, and grimaced. "I didn't say anything."

"You know—" Martin peeked at Marty from the corner of his eye. "—You don't have to like beer just 'cause I do. It's okay if you don't."

Marty ran a hand through his sweaty curls. "Who said I don't like beer?"

Finally tearing his gaze from the book, Martin smirked. "You forget who you're talking to? No one knows you better than I do."

Marty blinked but held the gaze. Eventually he smiled and conceded defeat. "It's such a straight guy drink. I've never developed a taste for it."

A low rumble emanated from Martin. "Let's make a new rule," he said, "from now on, you get to drink whatever the hell you want. No reason to ever be miserable for my benefit. And, just so you know, there are probably loads of gay dudes who love beer as much as I do."

"Ha! I seriously doubt that. But you got yourself a deal," Marty said, happy the fucking paperback seemed to be forgotten.

"You know, I've been thinking about this trip all year, and I came prepared."

Marty's eyebrows rose. "What do you mean? Came prepared for what?"

Martin sat up, motioned to a bag at the edge of the oak coffee table, and tipped beer into his mouth as he leaned back against the sofa, next to Marty. The way his lips wrapped around the head of the bottle caused Marty to flush immediately. Martin noticed and winked.

Reaching over, Marty hooked the bag and dragged it onto his lap. Rummaging through the empty duffel Martin always packed his toiletries in, he found the single item: a plastic tube of lube.

Marty leaned back against the couch, kicked his feet out, and dropped the empty bag down next to him. He stretched his arms over his head lazily, lowered an arm slowly over Martin's shoulders, and let it rest gently across his dad's neck, drawing them together.

"I know you didn't just pull that classic guy move on your dad." Martin snorted and picked up his book.

Marty pulled the book out of his dad's hand and drew their heads together. "How about you stop teasing me already, Old Man, and get in bed."

Martin / 39

Martin pulled his lips away from Marty's and stared down into his son's eyes. They shone with desire, but uncertainty reflected in them as well. Gone was the cocky, anxious nineteen-year-old of a few minutes ago. In his place lay a slightly uncertain virgin. No, that would never do. This would be his son's first experience with penetration, and you only had one first. Marty had saved himself for this moment—for Martin—and he was determined to make it memorable for him.

His heart swelled as he lay between his son's spread thighs, their cocks gently sliding against one another, and he felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude. He'd never been this close to anyone in his life, not even his wife. He honestly didn't know how this relationship would progress, but he'd be forever grateful for it.

"Hey, Hotshot?" he whispered. "I love you."

His son blinked and then smiled. "I know you do, Dad."

"Just let me...let me take care of you. I wanna make this good for you."

Marty's hand reached and ran a touch along Martin's cheek. "Dad, I want it to be good for both of us."

Martin placed a soft kiss to his son's lips. "Believe me, no matter what happens, it's already good for me."

He worked his lips down Marty's torso, enjoying the sallow pants and pleasure filled mummings. When his chin nudged the top of his son's wet cock, Marty opened his lidded eyes to stare down at him.

"Dad?"

He pushed his nose into the soft, curly hair and breathed in Marty's scent. It smelled familiar, like his son, only stronger, more earthy and rich.

Marty rested a palm against his ball cap, scrunched the top of it, and dragged it from Martin's head. Dropping it on the bed, he ran his fingers through Martin's damp hair. "Dad, you don't have to."

Martin smiled against his son's inner thigh, marveling at the intimacy. "I want to. Now lay back and enjoy."

There'd never been a time in Martin's life, never a single moment, when he'd ever thought about sucking another man's dick. The concept of doing so now, although still completely foreign, was weighted with significance.

Tentatively, he ran his tongue along the side of his son's cock. "I can't see myself ever doing this with anyone else, Marty, but believe me when I

say that I want to share it with you.”

Marty grinned, his fingers still playing softly with Martin’s hair. “Well, never let it be said that I had to be talked into getting a blowjob.” With a nod of his head, Marty continued, “Get on with it, then, Old Man.”

Martin turned his head and briefly snagged Marty’s long foreskin between his teeth before letting go. “Don’t go getting mouthy...I’m in the perfect spot to—”

Marty hissed and then raised his hands. “Okay, okay, you made your point. No more bit—”

His son’s protests quickly turned into incoherent moans as Martin dipped his tongue between Marty’s swollen cockhead and soft foreskin.

“Ohmigod.”

The texture wasn’t what Martin expected. It felt exactly like soft, warm skin, and it surprised him; he wasn’t sure what he’d thought it’d be like, but he didn’t dwell on it. Instead, he concentrated on recreating the motions he found pleasing when getting a blowjob, and then got down to business.

Marty’s hands held tightly at the sides of his head. “Dad, if I have to say it again, it’s gonna be too late.” Lost in offering pleasure, Martin hadn’t heard his son’s prior warnings.

Looking up, he let Marty’s hard, unsatisfied length slide from his lips, ran the back of his hand across his mouth, and smiled at his son’s panted curses.

Marty’s chest heaved with unfulfilled deep breaths. “Jesus! Fuck!”

“Yeah?”

“Oh yeah,” Marty said enthusiastically. “I can’t wait for you to do it again.” He paused and looked hopefully at Martin. “Um, you will do it again, right?”

He lifted himself to his knees and sat on his feet between Marty’s splayed legs. “Perhaps.” He winked. After reaching over to the nightstand, he picked up the lube. “But, right now, I have something else in mind.”



Marty’s head rocked back and forth against the pillow, his eyes were closed at the moment, but they flitted open intermittently and faint whimpers sporadically escaped his parted lips. Martin had done this on rare occasions with Allie, but the hard bundle of nerves his fingers were massaging made

this time an entirely different experience. Well that, and the undulating body moving under his touch was his son's and not his wife's.

Briefly closing his eyes, Martin buried any thought of Allie and focused on the here...the now. Going beyond that would invite feelings of hurt, and betrayal, and dishonesty. None of which were fair to Marty.

"Feels good, huh, Champ?"

"Oh, Dad...feels sooo good."

And it looked good too. Martin had never denied that he was able to appreciate the masculine beauty of the male form. But he'd never dreamed, in a million years, that he'd be appreciating a man from this particular angle—and never his son. Yet, here he was, watching as Marty's dick continued to grow stiffer and harder. It stood straight up from his body, pulsing with reaction at Martin's movements. He reached his free hand up and slid the foreskin down and then let it creep back up on its own.

"Dad," Marty panted, "I feel like...like everything is buzzing. Like everythuh-thuh-thing is right on the verge of being too much, but I still want more."

Martin slid the foreskin down again and then watched it slide slowly back up his son's cock. Initially he'd been slightly envious when it became apparent Marty's dick had grown larger than his own, but now he simply enjoyed seeing how much pleasure it gave his son. And, as cocks went, he had to admit it was a pretty damn attractive one.

Over and over he slid the skin down, let it ease back up, while continuing to circle his son's prostate.

Marty's fingers curled into the bunched sheets. "Mmmm, Daaaad! Jeeez!"

Martin twisted his fingers slightly and pushed down with a bit more pressure, and was transfixed as clear fluid continually oozed from beneath Marty's foreskin. Bending over, he clasped his lips around the engorged head and gently sucked.

Marty's hips bucked.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God...gonna cooome, Dad."

Martin pulled his lips back, sped up the circular motions of his fingers, and lightly stroked Marty's cock from root to tip. His hard body tensed, every muscle locked up, and jet after jet of cum erupted from his son's dick. When his orgasm finally began to subside, Marty gasped in a ragged breath

and his entire body trembled. Martin had slowed his attentions to a languid pace and smiled when Marty couldn't take anymore.

"Oh, please stop...cuh-cuh-can't take it. No muh-muh-more!"

Martin briefly ignored him, but when Marty began laughing and squirming, he released his son's dick and gently withdrew his fingers.

Marty's chest heaved and his legs fell flat and stretched out on either side of Martin. He grabbed the towel off the nightstand, wiped his hands off, and then spread it out onto his son's torso.

"Jesus Fucking Christ," Marty quietly swore and rubbed a hand over his damp, smiling face. "That was amazing."

Martin grinned. "I'm glad you liked it."

"But...um...you know, I was really hoping..."

He took hold of Marty's slowly descending nuts and rolled them around in his palm. "That was just the appetizer." Martin winked. "We still have the main course to look forward to."



Martin lay behind his son, spooning, and Marty's head rested on Martin's outstretched arm. Enthralled by Marty's soft moans, he pulled a knee up, and bent it so his foot rested next to his other knee. The slight adjustment offered a better angle, and he slid his cock against Marty's slick opening. There was no doubt Marty was ready, Martin had spent the last twenty minutes immersed in working him up again.

Despite knowing the answer, he couldn't help but voice his slight concern. "Marty, you know once we do this..." He paused and swallowed, enjoying the intense—unbelievable—sensation of his cock sliding against his son's puckered flesh. "It's like everything else we've done; it's not something we can undo. I just need to be sure this is what you want."

In lieu of an answer, Marty reached behind him, took Martin's cock at the base, and positioned it at his waiting entrance.

Martin smiled. "Okay, then."

Marty panted, released Martin's dick, and then arched his back as Martin inched his way into his son's tight warmth.

"Daaaad..." he hissed.

Martin resisted the nearly overwhelming urge to thrust forward, but instead stopped and allowed Marty to adjust to his eager dick. After a few moments, he ran a hand along Marty's toned thigh, pushed further in, and

reveled at the feeling of Marty's muscles tensing and relaxing around his cock. His son, his own son's ass was bearing down on his dick and it felt absolutely incredible; it felt right.

Finally, he fully seated himself in Marty's tight warmth and stilled.

He nipped at Marty's nodule, breathing in his son's woodsy, aroused scent. "I'm all the way in. You feel me, Mudcat?"

"D?" Marty whispered back.

"Yep, right here, Buddy. I've got ya."

When Marty's neck craned over his shoulder, Martin pushed up onto an elbow to meet his gaze. He sobered quickly as he took in his son's serious expression.

"Hey, Dinger, you okay?"

Marty swallowed and shook his head, the self-consciousness clear on his face. "I've thought 'bout this...so many times." His son paused and closed his eyes.

"You good, Buddy?"

Marty nodded at the concern in Martin's voice, then looked him in the eye again.

"Bringing myself off night after night, imagining this moment...you, hard inside of me...all those years."

Martin pressed his lips to Marty's forehead. "Shh," he said softly. "No need for words."

Marty shook his head, determined. "Just can't believe...tha-a-at you wuh-want me too."

Martin's hips eased backward and then slid forward again. His son's lips parted in pleasure but his gaze remained fixed on Martin. Even though he was careful not to give Marty too much of him at once, satisfaction coursed through him as the uncertainty in his son's kind eyes was replaced with lust.

"Is that proof enough for you?"

He ran a hand up Marty's lightly furred chest and rested a thumb on one of his nipples. Pulling his dick nearly completely out before slowly sliding it back in, he began circling the hard, sensitive nub. "You're giving me something so special. You're my son, I've never loved anyone as much as I love you." He kissed Marty's temple lightly as he entered him again, this time burying himself to the hilt while watching Marty for any sign of discomfort. "I'll always be thankful that you've shared this with me."

Martin replaced his thumb with calloused fingers and lightly pinched Marty's nipple. The sound it elicited forced yet more blood into his already straining cock. Martin pushed in with slightly more force.

"No more talk about the outside world, or what you can't believe. Got it?"

Marty closed his eyes and sucked in a breath as Martin once again retreated, then nodded slowly. "Got it."

He pulled harder on Marty's nipple and felt his son's ass clench around his buried cock. He pushed back in, with purpose, wanting to feel Marty's body jar against his force.

His son's head fell back and his thick chest began to heave under Martin's finger. "Oh. My. God. Jesus, Dad!"

"Spread your legs, let me see your dick. I want to see what feeling my cock inside does to you."

Martin lightened his thrusts, easing in and out with a slow, languid pace. As Marty spread his legs, revealing his own hardness, he abandoned the hard nipple and took hold of his son's foreskin.

"Damn, it's really long; it covers your head completely even when you're fully hard."

Marty moaned as Martin gently pulled the skin up farther.

"I love playing with it...I call it my elephant's trunk..." Marty's words caught in his throat as Martin moved his dick over his son's prostate. "Oh God, feels so good."

Martin smiled. "So, elephant's trunk, huh? Has it always been longer? I don't remember noticing it before."

He watched as Marty turned his face slightly away. "Wait, are you blushing?" Amused, Martin quirked an eyebrow as he pushed back in. "I don't believe it, we can have sex—we are having sex—but talking about it makes you blush?"

"Whatever," Marty responded as the color in his stubbled cheeks grew darker. "No, I like to tug on it—a lot. I'm probably addicted to tugging it —"

Martin pulled all the way out, relishing the feeling of Marty's long skin between his fingers, before sliding back in.

Marty's head turned into the bedding, and Martin couldn't help but grin in satisfaction when his son's teeth grabbed the pillowcase and bit down. Soft *Mm-hmms*, and *yeeeses*, and *ohmigods* followed.

A broad smile played on his lips. "You feel like you might be addicted because?"

"Huh?" Marty asked, releasing his hold on the pillow as Martin eased back.

Martin playfully chided a reminder as he slipped all the way out again. "Your trunk? Addicted?"

Marty's lustful eyes cut up to his. "You're doing that on purpuh-puh-pose."

Leaning forward, Martin grazed his lips against the corner of Marty's mouth, and asked innocently, "Doin' what? Makin' you feel good?"

Marty's head turned and his teeth grabbed Martin's lower lip. He momentarily held Martin in place, until he slid over his son's prostate again.

"Talkin' to me...while you're doing that...so you can watch me lose my concentration...and my mind," he huffed without any true heat behind it.

Picking up the earlier thread, he answered with a shudder, as Martin moved his hips slowly, "I pull on it whenever I can."

Martin found the sweet spot again and prodded his cock over it in soft glides; enjoying the trembling effect it had on Marty's entire body. "Go on, Naughty Boy, I'm listening."

Marty nodded and Martin watched as his throat bobbed a few times before he finally continued. "I guess...it started a few years ago on the school bus...to and from school." Marty inhaled deeply, letting the breath out slowly. "Then it expanded to while I was in class. After that, I started getting a charge out of secretly doing it when I was around other people. Sitting in the backseat of the car, with you and Mom up front. Taking Buster out at night for his walks through our neighborhood. Standing in line at McDonalds...just whenever I thought I could get away with it. Why do you think I started wearing those baggy basketball shorts all the time? Easy access. After a while it started to stretch and I began to wonder how long I could get it."

He reached down to take hold of his straining dick and Martin swatted his hand away. "I've got this."

"Bossy much?"

Martin deliberately brushed over his prostate again and tugged at Marty's skin. "I'm your father, it's my job to be bossy," he husked into his son's ear.

When Marty caught his breath, he continued, “Well, just so you know, I’m not interested in some kinky father-son role-playing. There are things I’d like to try, but that’s not one of them.”

Martin couldn’t help but chuckle. “I hate to break it to you, Catfish, but we *are* father and son.”

Marty tilted his head back and moaned as Martin picked up the pace again.

“What sorta things do you want to try?”

“Hmm? Oh, well, I hear the noises Mom sometimes makes. What do you do to her? ’Cause whatever it is...”

Martin stilled for just a moment at the mention of Allie’s name. Then letting go of Marty’s foreskin, he snaked his hand down and clasped his nuts. Pulling slightly, he let them go and then did it again, and then again.

“Whatever we do, I assure you it’s mutually pleasurable. But you didn’t answer my question. What do you want to try?”

Marty panted. “I’d like to do that spanking thing again, if that’d be okay...” He reached behind and placed a hand on Martin’s butt and squeezed.

It tickled him how his son valiantly fought to keep a consistent train of thought, but to his credit, he *did* keep returning to their previous conversation.

“...and, you know, allow myself to really enjoy it this time. The spanking, I mean. If that’s not too weird?”

That spanking had occupied more of Martin’s thoughts than he would have ever admitted—until now. “That’d be...yeah, I’d like that too,” he agreed, still somewhat hesitantly.

However, he couldn’t deny the way his dick surged inside Marty at the thought of his son’s adult form bent over his knee, and he pushed his cock harder into Marty’s ass.

“Dad? Oh God, you’re squeezing my nuts...kinda huh-huh-hurts, but in a really good way.”

That was all it took to push Martin to the edge. He unleashed on Marty’s ass, giving into the need to thrust unrestrained. His son responded with a series of repeated, unintelligible moans as his fingers tangled into the sheets. One thing was painfully clear, Marty was enjoying himself, and that meant everything to Martin.

“Stroke your dick, Son. I wanna see you shoot when I come inside you.”

“Do me harder?” he begged through clenched teeth.

When Martin complied, Marty got no more than a few strokes in before his dick spasmed and erupted onto his heaving stomach.

Several moments later, after Martin had made good on his promise to shoot inside of him, they lay quietly as he ran his fingers through his son’s spunk.

“There was a time I would’ve thought this was...kind of gross. But now...”

“Mmm. Feels nice.” His son’s voice was sated and rough. “And I love that you’re still hard.” As if to prove the point, Marty pushed his pelvis back onto Martin’s dick, driving it farther into him.

Martin curved his hand down and caught Marty’s skin. “I’m not the only one.”

His son smiled. “No, you’re not.”

Marty pulled his head around and brought his lips to Martin’s. Initially, it had been the kissing, of all things, which had wiggled Martin out the most. Turns out, it was now one of his favorite things to do.

Marty broke the kiss but didn’t move away, and Martin saw the familiar twinkle that always pulled at his insides. “That was the best first time in the history of first times. Thank you. It’s something I’ll remuh-muh-member forever.”

Martin plunged forward, driving his tongue into Marty’s mouth and sought out every hidden crevice. When he finally admitted defeat, realizing he’d never find them all, he reluctantly pulled back leaving Marty dazed and breathless.

“I love you, Martin Junior. You’re more than welcome.” With a slight shove of his cock, he winked. “You ready for round three yet?”

Marty grinned. “Bring it on, Old Man! But, could you put the baseball cap back on? You’re too fucking sexy for words in it.”

Martin reached behind him, snagged the hat, and placed it on backwards. “In that case, I may never take the damn thing off again.”

Chapter 7 – Freakiness Strengthens the Bond

Martin / 40

The sun felt good against Martin's skin. But it didn't compare to the other sensation he was enjoying; his son's head resting in his lap. Marty's fear—actually, phobia—about sucking dick had taken some time to work through. For Marty, that is, not for Martin. Martin had long ago accepted that he wouldn't know the pleasure of his son's tight, moist, warm throat squeezing around his cock, and he was completely okay with that. Not that Martin didn't want to experience Marty's nose pressed into his pubes. No, he burned to know that feeling, but he'd accepted it wasn't going to happen. Marty, on the other hand, desperately wanted to do the one thing he physically couldn't. Though Martin wasn't convinced it was purely physical; Marty's fear of choking extended to completely illogical food items, such as thick liquids, like milkshakes.

Ripples formed along Marty's sunken lower torso and Martin watched as minnows darted out from under the dock, where he sat with his feet dangling at his son's sides, and nipped at Marty's skin. Occasionally Marty would laugh as a rambunctious fish nibbled at his nuts or long foreskin.

Martin cast another line out as his son's cheek ran along his hard length. Marty being able to do even that spoke volumes about his son and his budding relationship with his latest boyfriend, Andrew.

"How's my son-in-law?"

He watched and gave a small shiver as Marty's tongue slid up the underside of his shaft and then captured the slick drop at Martin's head.

Marty closed his lust filled eyes a moment before reopening them only to stare longingly at Martin's cock. "He's not your son-in-law, yet. Andrew and I have only been dating a year...nowhere close to getting married," he husked in a distracted undertone.

Marty pushed his nose into the crook of Martin's leg, wedging itself between his inner thigh and his nuts, and breathed deeply. "God, I love your

smell, Dad.”

Truth be told, Martin loved how Marty could spend hours with his face buried in his crotch. He ran his thick fingers through his son’s sandy-blond curls. Petting him, enjoying him, enjoying *this*.

“He’s been...good for you, Marty.”

Blue-gray eyes looked up at him, his son’s thickly stubbled cheek again resting alongside Martin’s shaft. When Marty raised his eyebrows in question, Martin nodded down to his dick.

“Oh, that.” Marty’s tentative eyes focused on his furry belly button.

“Does it worry you...that I’m having sex with him?”

Martin ran a finger over the raised eyebrow. “Not at all. You need someone who’ll be there for you all of the time, not just a few weeks out of the year. Someone you don’t have to hide.

When his son opened his mouth to interject, Martin added, “Not to take my place, unless that’s what you need to be happy. But rather someone who can return the kind of love you deserve. Who can love you the same way you love him.”

After a few moments, Marty simply nodded. “You know I’ll always love you, right? I mean in the exact way you’re talking about. In a *I-want-to-spend-the-rest-of-my-life-with-you* way. I hope you realize you’re not just a...fill-in, until I find someone.” He broke off and rested his lips against the tender part of Martin’s hairy thigh. A few beats later, his son’s eyes met his. “I understand that’s not going to happen; that we’ll never live as a couple. I’ve accepted it, and Andrew and I have begun dating exclusively...and I think maybe I could love him, someday. But, I’m hopeful we can always have this. You have Mom, and you love her, but you still find a way to share this with me. If this—what we have now—continues until we’re both senior citizens, long after I’m married, too, I’d be very happy.”

With some effort, Martin swallowed the lump in his throat and nodded. “Got it.” He paused and cleared his cracking voice. “You think I’m all that and a bag of chips.”

“Pretty much,” Marty said with a wink.

Lifting his eyes, Martin looked out over the peaceful lake and decided he’d ask a question that had been on his mind since last year. “So we’ve talked about my feelings toward Andrew, but I’m wondering how you...I don’t know...deal with seeing your mother and me together? Does it bother you? Do you ever feel guilty?”

Marty's fingers, which had been caressing the outsides of Martin's thighs, stilled. When Marty didn't respond right away he looked down. Marty seemed lost in thought as he rested his chin on one of Martin's furry knees, and Martin wondered if he should've kept his curiosity to himself.

"No," Marty began at length, "I don't feel guilty." He looked up and met Martin's interested gaze. "What I mean is, I look at the cabin, at our time here, as a bubble—and I've thought about it in those terms for years."

"A bubble?"

Marty nodded against Martin's knee. "Our 'real life' doesn't touch our time here, and our time here doesn't touch our 'real life'. I said before I've accepted that we'll never live as a couple, and I meant that. It's taken me a long time to get to that point, but it's true, Dad."

Martin thought he understood where Marty was going, but he let him continue.

"You love Mom. I get that. I love Mom too. And, yeah, I think I could love Andrew. So, I choose to think of this place as a bubble. What we do here is between us and no one else."

It was times like this when Martin was taken aback. Times like this when he was so surprised at how similarly he and his son looked at life. Indeed, Martin had chosen to see their time at the cabin—their intimacy—in much the same way. He loved Allie, of that there was no doubt whatsoever, and he'd never voluntarily hurt her, or their deeply loving relationship. But, that said, the thought of giving up what he and Marty were creating was quickly becoming nearly as unfathomable. Could they do this long-term? Could they grow something special that wouldn't ultimately affect their 'real life'? God help him, but he couldn't imagine not trying.

He smiled down into his son's kind, yet serious eyes. "A bubble. I gotcha."

Marty smiled back, pushed his face into Martin's crotch again, and then quipped, "Okay, now that that's out of the way, I'm wondering if you could perhaps give Andrew a few pointers? The man can't fuck ass to save his life! And you know how much I enjoy a good pounding."

Martin laughed at both his son's crassness, and his attempt at lightening the suddenly sober mood. He appreciated both and decided he'd play along. "Well, not that I haven't noticed how handsome he is," he grinned as Marty's gaze met his again, "but my thoughts have always run more along the lines of me fucking you while he swallowed your cock...but, I suppose

I could be persuaded to give him some lessons on exactly how to work your nub. Of course, they'd have to be hands-on lessons."

He could tell by the mirth in his son's eyes that Marty understood he was joking.

"As hot as that sounds, and don't get me wrong, it sounds really hot, the only dude you're spending sexy-time with is me, Old Man."

Martin shook his head and clucked. "Well then, you're gonna have to be satisfied with only getting a quality pounding two weeks outta the year, then."

"I'll manage. Besides, it's not just your skilled fucking I'm looking forward to this trip."

"Oh?"

Marty pulled his brows together in mock concentration. "I seem to recall something about a spanking this year."

Martin's dick surged against his son's cheek.

"And, somehow..." he continued while running his flat tongue up Martin's bobbing shaft, "a pair of Velcro wrist cuffs may have found their way into my bag."

With that, his wicked son pushed off of the dock, backstroked away from him with a mischievous grin, and left Martin's mind racing with possibilities. Yeah, there was no doubt he was looking forward to spanking Marty's ass, and not in a way he'd ever done before. He chuckled, tossed the pole aside, and went in search of his son's backpack.



Digging around the small storage shed was hot and dusty, but Martin finally found what he was looking for, stowed in a box on the top shelf: several coils of soft hemp rope.

A few years back, he and Marty had trained in rappelling. They'd brought the gear up to the cabin with the intent of putting it to use on the steep peaks surrounding the Quillon land. Marty's car accident had happened the following year, but this year it seemed they'd finally get to use some of the gear—just not in the way it was intended.

He shook his head as he ran his finger along the rope sitting in the open box, and couldn't believe he was actually contemplating trussing his son up. Yet, despite the stifling heat of the shed, and sweat pouring out of every

opening of his body, his dick bobbed with an anticipation that unnerved him a bit. *Jeez, I'm a perv!*

Ignoring the thought, he folded the thick canvas tarp he'd already located into the box, and got the hell out of the fiery shed.

Twenty minutes later, he'd cut down the two-person swing—he'd planned on rehanging it this year with fresh rope anyway—and had placed a line of rappelling rope over the strong, low hanging branch. He'd also spread the tarp out and brought out the lube, a few rags, the wooden paddle, a leather belt, and the cooler stocked with ice and drinks.

Marty had finally dragged himself out of the lake, he swore the man was half amphibian, and was rinsing himself off under the outdoor shower. Martin sat, resting his arms on his pulled up knees, in the center of the tarp watching Marty, and took a long pull from the brown beer bottle while once again trying to reconcile the fascination he felt toward his son.

Since realizing he loved sharing a more intimate side with Marty, he'd begun studying other men for any kind of similar allure. Each and every time, he found nothing; thus far, Marty was the only man he was attracted to. And *attracted to*, he admitted, wasn't strong enough a term to adequately describe the hunger he often felt for his son. He drained the bottle, flipped open the cooler, and sat it inside. However, the enticement no longer bothered him and he'd accepted it for whatever it was. But that didn't explain why his heart nearly thumped out of his chest when he toyed with the end of the rope that hung off the branch above him.

Although he hadn't actually said anything yet, the feisty grin Marty laid on him as he took in Martin's handy work left him slightly self-conscious. He stooped over, grabbed a Mike's Hard Lemonade out of the ice, and sat down next to Martin.

"So..." He grinned. Bumping his shoulder against Martin's, he popped the cap on his own drink and let out a satisfied *ahh!*

When Martin didn't reply, he felt Marty's stare on him.

"Wait, are you blushing, Dad?"

Instead of offering an answer, he busied himself with draining his second bottle.

Marty seemed to sense his apprehension and schooled even closer so the entire sides of their bodies pressed together.

The skin of his dick being drawn back by his son's wicked fingers shot zings of pleasure up his spine. He looked down between his parted legs and

watched Marty playfully pull and tug at his cock.

“Seems at least part of you is looking forward to this,” he said quietly.

Martin didn't trust himself to speak, so he gave a jerky nod. Fuck, he hadn't ever felt such uncertainty with sex. Not even the first time he'd gotten to third base with Karrie, a girl he'd briefly dated in high school. They'd thrown a ton of blankets in the back of his dad's old pickup truck, pointed it ass-end toward the drive-in theatre screen, and made out the entire evening. He'd brought her to orgasm with a thick finger shoved under the open buttons of her jeans, while she'd panted incoherently into his ear, and he'd felt like a fucking stud. Now though, with his son, the ropes, the paddle, the belt, he felt like an overeager twelve-year-old who'd discovered a porn magazine in the trash and was hiding in the garage while beating his under-aged dick with ferocious, uncoordinated determination.

Strong, sure fingers played across his tight balls. “Dad, we don't have to —”

“No!” Martin started way too strongly. Backing off, he turned to face Marty's questioning eyes. “I want to. I *really* do.” He swallowed and tore his guilty gaze away. “Perhaps a bit more than I should.”

The scrape of Marty's chin stubble grazed across his shoulder before it was replaced by his son's smiling lips. “Would it help if I told you I'm looking forward to this a bit more than I probably should too?”

He reached between Marty's legs and mirrored his son's movements, taking hold of the thick, excited cock and stroking it.

“At some point, and I don't know exactly when, this stopped being about simply sharing a closeness with you,” Martin started, as if making a confession, “and turned into...”

He stopped, pulled the bottle from Marty's fingers, and drained it. “Jesus,” he grimaced, “How can you drink that stuff?”

Marty ignored the comment. “And turned into...?”

Martin dropped the empty bottle next to him and pulled on his son's long skin. “It turned into me wanting to do things to you, wanting to feel my cock in your ass, wanting to watch your lustful face as you shot, wanting to...spank you...and do other things.”

Marty didn't have the chance to respond. Martin grabbed the bill of his cap, swung it around to the back, quickly pushed his son onto the tarp, and went to his knees. Before Marty could say a word, Martin bent down, and with a loud choke, swallowed his son's thick cock to the root. When he'd

run out of air, he forced himself to relax and dragged in noisy breaths from around Marty's cock.

Marty started to lift his torso, but Martin's strong hand landed on his chest and pushed him back down—and kept him there. With his other, he took Marty's balls in his palm, kneaded them roughly, and finally pulled himself off his son's throbbing cock. After a rackety gasp, he eased Marty back into him, feeling every inch of Marty's arousal.

“Daaaaad. Fuuuuck!” Marty moaned. “If you don't stop that, this is gonna be over before it starts.”

Martin pulled off and stood. “Up,” he commanded.

His son's eyes darkened even further as he held Martin's gaze.

Their cocks seemed to be dueling as Martin stood facing his son and fastened the padded, Velcro wrist cuffs. Once he had them secure, he ran the hanging rope through the ring holding them together, knotted it off, and pulled the loose end, drawing Marty's hands above his head. Once they were fully extended, he tied it off.

Wedging his fingers under the padded cuffs, he was satisfied they weren't too tight, but there was also no doubt his son wouldn't be going anywhere without Martin allowing it.

The veins in Marty's forearms stood out, and Martin ran his palms over them, down his son's prominent, hairy biceps, and stopped just short of his jutting nipples. Gently, he glided the pads of his thumbs over each brown stub. Marty's body, shuddering with need, only heightened Martin's arousal.

“Jesus, Dad...want this so much.”

Martin focused his attention on Marty's sensitive nubs, and although he didn't take his eyes from them, he asked, “And you promise me you'll say *when*, Martin Junior?”

His son's sober response was clear and without hesitation. “I promise you I'll say *when*, Dad.”

Martin's gaze rose from Marty's chest and landed on his son's lips. He leaned in, brushed his own across them several times slowly, and then ran his tongue over the bottom one. When Marty groaned, Martin tilted his head toward the paddle and belt. “Which would you like?”

Marty's eyes caught his. “Unless you'd prefer to use one of them, I'd like your hand—like the last time. I want to feel *you*.”

Martin moved to Marty's side, lifted a hand, and smoothed it across his son's muscled ass. Resting his forehead against the side of Marty's head, he

asked quietly, "Have you done this before?"

"Only with you, two years ago...and I don't think that really counts as *this*. So, no." His eyebrows lifted slightly. "Have you?"

Martin couldn't help the soft chuckle that escaped. "That would be a *no* for me too, Son."

The blue-gray of Marty's eye slowly disappeared behind a closing lid. "How about if we start out slow...warm up, so to speak? If that's okay?"

Martin reached his other hand out, took hold of Marty's tight nuts, and worked them free of his body until they were firmly clutched in his palm. He felt his son's body stiffen slightly. "I think me holding these might keep you from squirming around too much, don't you?"

With that, Martin landed the first heedful slap to his son's ass. And, per Marty's suggestion, he had started out slow. But now, each slap echoed across the still lake and reverberated around them. Marty's soft moans had grown into full-fledged howls of pain and pleasure. At times he screamed out in pain, while other strikes provoked sharp groans of unadulterated gratification. Martin was in rapt awe as his son's body tensed with each blow, but then relaxed immediately after. Marty's toned body gleamed with sweat, testing the strength of the rope as it supported more and more of his weight, while his dark blond curls were plastered to his forehead. The grip on Marty's nuts never wavered; his unyielding hold kept them, and his son, firmly in place.

"*When*," Marty gasped.

With two quick motions, Martin slicked both Marty's hole and his own cock, then pushed himself between the slippery cheeks. Positioning the head of his cock against Marty's opening, he twined his fingers into Marty's damp hair, pulled back and held his son's head against his shoulder. When he pushed in, he wasn't sure if Marty's wail was caused by Martin's fingers digging into his hair and baring his son's neck, or from being impaled by Martin's yearning cock. But when his pelvis met Marty's ass, the fiery heat against his skin only fueled Martin's already overwhelming need.

Marty's back arched, and despite Martin's firm hold, his head thrashed back and forth.

"Ohmigod, ohmigod, oh-my-fucking-god!" he chanted. "Please don't stop, Dad, I'm so close."

Martin had no intention of stopping. He pushed Marty's back away from his body, keeping a tight grip on his curls, and watched his cock plunge into

his son's ass over and over.

"Oooh Dad, riiiiight there! Yes, yes... Right there... Don't stop... Please don't... Arrrrgh! Fuuuuck!"

Although Martin couldn't see his son's orgasm, Marty's ass squeezing his cock left little doubt of it. Martin released Marty's head, grabbed both his hips, and fucked his son like never before. When release thundered through him moments later, it was immediately followed by utter joy and contentment. With his hips still spasming, his sensitive cock still sliding in Marty's warmth, he laughed.

Marty groaned as he tried to roll his muscled shoulders. "Jesus H. Christ," he sighed as Martin undid the rope's knot. "That was...fuck, Dad. Not that I don't enjoy every time, and I wouldn't want every time to be like this, but goddamn that was *really* good."

Martin grinned widely and tore the Velcro straps away freeing Marty's wrists. "It really was, wasn't it?" He paused for a second. "But was it too much of—"

Marty had bent down, snagged two bottles out of the cooler, and passed one to Martin before plopping down on the tarp. "It wasn't too much of anything," he panted before tipping the Lemonade up and draining the entire bottle.

When Martin sat down next to him, cross-legged, Marty swung his body around, and his head instantly fell into Martin's lap. His sated blue-gray eyes looked up, and Martin brushed a hand across his son's forehead, pushing the sweat drenched curls back.

"Dad's gotta little freak in him, whaddayaknow."

Martin barked out a laugh and took a long swallow of cold beer. "I blame any and all freakiness on you, Super Freak."

Marty / 20

Just as they always did the day before heading back, they'd both woken up subdued. The impending reality which slowly intruded on their cabin world felt like beating drums of war on their serene escape from real-life, demanding they rejoin the world of normalcy, and it was devastating every time.

In an effort to diffuse the heavy atmosphere that filled the cabin, Martin started roughhousing with Marty soon after they both stirred. His dad hadn't

even given Marty the chance to relieve himself of his morning wood before their hard dicks swayed between them, like two spears trying to leave lasting marks on their targets.

Now they lay on the double bed, chests heaving, sheets tangled around their bodies, grinning at one another.

“Either you’re getting better at wrestling, or I’m getting older,” Martin said after catching his breath.

“Maybe—” Marty started with a mischievous tone, but fell silent when Martin pulled him close, folding a strong arm securely around him.

“How’s your butt?” His dad’s voice was still heavy with sleep, and Marty enjoyed its gravelly timbre.

He snugged an arm around Martin’s torso and rested his head on his father’s shoulder. “Still a bit tender.”

Martin didn’t say anything, but Marty caught the smug smile plastered across his dad’s face, and it spoke volumes.

“Tell me something,” Martin said softly.

Marty waited for him to continue.

“What did you enjoy most about the spanking yesterday?”

“Um, I think that’s fairly obvious: the end,” Marty joked. But after studying his dad’s genuine expression, he decided to be more candid. “I haven’t allowed myself to really think about it much.”

“You should.”

“Why? Have you?”

Martin nodded. “So you honestly don’t know what you enjoyed most?”

“No, I know exactly, it just...scares me a little.”

“You don’t scare easily. But if you tell me yours, I’ll tell you mine.”

Marty had to laugh at the cheesy line, but it helped ease the tension his dad’s unexpected question had spurred. “Why do I have to go first when it’s your question?” He turned his face into his father’s chest and closed his teeth down in a playful bite. “That doesn’t seem fair at all.”

Martin’s body rumbled with a quiet laugh.

Marty snuggled back in and decided he’d answer. “Giving up control; more specifically, giving up control to you.”

“You enjoyed that?”

Marty nodded.

“Why does that scare you, then?”

Marty squeezed his eyes shut, then pressed his face into Martin's chest again. "I guess...it just added another layer to...what we already have. I mean, like I said out on the dock, I don't want to ever lose this."

"Buddy," Martin said softly and kissed the top of Marty's head. "I know we've never talked about this outside of the cabin, but I just assumed—"

"Assumed that I was fine with not knowing if this will suddenly stop?" Marty interrupted quietly as his fingers threaded through Martin's chest hair.

Martin increased the grip and pulled Marty tighter to him.

"I assumed," Martin continued, "I'd made things clear. But apparently I haven't and I apologize; make no mistake, Junior, I want this to continue as long as you want it to."

The fact his father didn't want this to end gave Marty a great deal of comfort. He'd assumed as much, but without Martin coming right out and saying so, he'd been left to second-guess things.

"It's enough for you, then, the two weeks a year?"

Martin's hand, which had been running the length of Marty's spine, stilled. He was quiet several moments before answering.

"Honest?"

Marty nodded.

"No, it's not. But if I look at it realistically, and believe me, I've thought about it a lot, the only other options are...complicated."

Martin schooched out from under Marty and sat up, Indian style, at Marty's side. Marty rolled over onto his back and stared up at his father, waiting for him to continue.

Martin's fingers followed Marty's treasure trail up and came to a rest on his chest, and then squeezed the pec beneath it. "You've turned into a man right before my eyes, Marty. A grown man, in college, seriously dating an awesome guy, and you have your entire life in front of you."

Martin slowly ran a hand back down his torso, feeling each of the muscles Marty had worked so hard over the years to develop.

"I've seen the way Andrew looks at you. There's no doubt he loves you. And you said you thought you might be able to love him too, right?"

Marty hadn't admitted it to his father yet—hell, he'd just admitted it to himself during this trip—but he already loved Andrew. It wasn't the same way he loved Martin, but he honestly doubted he'd ever love anyone the way he loved his dad.

“Yes,” he answered simply.

Martin smiled down at him. “Good. And I meant what I said, all I’ve ever wanted for you is to have someone love you the way you love me. Could I give that to you? I honestly don’t know. I know there was a time I was certain I couldn’t, now though...”

He watched his dad take a deep breath and swallow.

“But, it would only complicate things if it turns out I can. Would you leave Andrew? Could I leave Allie—the person, next to you—who I love most in this world?”

His dad sighed.

“And even if all of that were possible; me giving you the kind of love you need, you being able to give me what I need, me living my life without my beloved Allie in it, and you bringing yourself to leave Andrew. Then what? The world would see us as... As what? Our family and our lives would be irrevocably altered...and we’d have no choice but to hide. To give up everything, start a new life, and still have to hide our...relationship.”

Marty ran a hand over his dad’s strong knee. Everything, absolutely everything, his father was saying Marty had thought about countless times over the years. Right down to the new addition of Andrew in his life.

He and Andrew had met by complete chance at a coffee shop near campus. Somehow their drinks had gotten mixed up, and each ended up with the others’. Things had progressed fast between them, and six months after they’d met, they were moving in together.

Andrew was just as his dad described him—an awesome guy. He was kind and patient, had a wicked sense of humor, and was probably the most intelligent person Marty had ever met. Like crazy brainiac smart. Even though they were the same age, Andrew was two years ahead of him in college and was getting ready to graduate with a degree in some kinda numbers shit Marty still didn’t understand completely. The fact that Andrew was also amazing in bed, aside from a slight rhythm problem that Marty was sure they’d overcome, didn’t hurt either.

And here his father was, laying out all the same concerns he himself had mulled over countless times, so succinctly. And it wasn’t just the articulation with which he’d done it, but that he’d thought of any of it at all. It floored Marty and gave him a tremendous sense of calm at the same time. In that moment, he knew he and Martin would be good, for life.

“Dad?”

Martin seemed pensive and had grown quiet. He was drawing circles in the hair around Marty's bellybutton with his index finger, and his brows were pulled together slightly.

"Yeah, Lefty?" he answered at length.

Marty wanted to convey both his understanding of their situation, and also his acceptance of the limitations their worlds held. "What if we thought about breaking the two weeks up? Maybe do one in the summer and one in the winter?"

His father's face instantly relaxed and he closed his eyes. After a brief nod, he said, "I think that's a great idea, Son."

When Martin opened his eyes, the casual contentment Marty was used to seeing had returned.

"Cool. So..." Marty said with a grin, "while we're in a sharing kinda mood, be honest. Andrew pisses you off, doesn't he? Just admit it."

"He doesn't," Martin reflexively answered.

Marty didn't say anything but quirked a brow and smiled.

"Okay, maybe he does...a tiny bit. He's just all charm and *boy-next-door*. And, he's so damn attractive. But it's kinda normal for dads not to like their kids' partners, isn't it?"

"Maybe," Marty conceded, still smiling, "but dads aren't generally fucking their kids. And, I also think part of why you don't like him is because he gets to have his way with me any time he wants."

"Jesus, Martin Junior. Why do you have to be so crass?" Martin reached down and grabbed hold of Marty's ample foreskin. With a tug, he chided, "Sometimes you make me regret the day I ever started talking dirty to you."

Marty laughed and tucked his pelvis in, pulling his skin free from Martin's fingers. "Ahh, but you love me anyway."

"Yeah, well, I've said it before, we all have our crosses to bear."

Marty cocked his head. "Hey, you never told me what scared you about the spanking yesterday."

"That's easy. It's the thought of experiencing something so incredible and not knowing if that would be the only time. Seems like that's not something I should be concerned about, huh?" Martin lay back down, pulled Marty into him, and pecked his temple. As was always the case these days, even the most innocent hug or kiss was laden with amorous undertones. The small brush of Martin's lips turned into a lingering kiss,

which evolved into a heavy petting session. Martin trailed kisses down Marty's cheek and then up his ear to nibble his Quillon nodule.

Just as Marty was really getting into it, Martin pulled away and panted. "If we don't get out of this bed, we won't get the dock finished before we leave tomorrow."

Although Marty knew in the back of his mind Martin was right, his dick yearned for more attention.

"You're always leaving me hard and fucking drippy, Old Man."

Martin laughed, grabbed his ball cap, and pushed himself off the bed. "Hmm, that's not a bad thing to be remembered for. But, if it's any consolation, I do have something special planned for tonight."

There was a glint in his dad's eye that experience told him was mischief, and nothing was more fun than a mischievous Martin.



They'd replaced all the surface boards of the dock, sanded and sealed them, and now sat on the porch, staring at their handiwork in the dwindling light.

It'd been a long day, and Marty stretched his tired muscles. "The dock looks good," he said after taking a long pull off his bottle of Hard Lemonade.

"It really does, doesn't it? It's getting dark, though...can barely see it. We'll need to either start a fire or move inside."

Marty perked up. His gaze trailed down Martin's center and, predictably, landed on his dad's crotch. "Yeah, it's getting late," he agreed. With a smile he added, "And, if I'm not mistaken, you mentioned something about a surprise?"

Martin took a long pull of his own bottle and then answered at length. "Remember when you asked what Mom and I did that made her loud sometimes? How about you grab a shower and meet me inside?"

Marty tipped up his bottle of Hard Lemonade, pushed himself off his deck chair, and grinned. "You got it."

He headed down to the shower alone, since Martin had taken his while Marty had been cleaning up the tools and stowing them in the shed.

He replayed his father's words over in his mind as he stood under the cool water: *What he and Mom did*. Marty had no idea what Martin had in mind—what his dad did to make his mom moan so loudly—but every graze of the washcloth over his dick ratcheted his anticipation up even higher.

Pushing open the cabin door, he reached down and tugged at his foreskin, loving how long it had gotten. Both Andrew and his father had made mention of it, and both seemed to like it. He was by no means immodest, but he knew both men also enjoyed his larger size. Marty got a kick out of seeing the unmistakable pride on his dad's face every time he got fully erect, as if Martin took credit for the size of Marty's dick. Maybe he had some right to, since Marty was an extension of Martin. His dad had nothing to be shy about himself in that department, but Marty had been larger than his father for several years now. And even though Martin ribbed him about not wanting to top, Marty knew his dad was grateful Marty was completely content with being on the bottom—and keeping his cock well away from Martin's virgin ass. Marty shook his head and grinned at the thought of fucking his dad. Nah, that wasn't something he was even remotely interested in.

Closing the door, Marty stood just inside. The room was filled with the unlit emergency candles they occasionally had to use when the power would go out, and two sweating bottles sitting on the nightstand.

He smiled. "What's all this?"

"You wanted the full treatment? You got it," Martin said and started lighting the candles.

Marty rubbed his neck and chuckled. "Um, you give Mom beer?"

"Mom gets her Bordeaux wine. The beer is mine, and there's another one of those Hard Lemonade things you like so much."

Marty was touched by his dad's effort at making the last night of this year's trip memorable.

"Hit the lights, then join your old man on the bed."

Marty flipped the switch by the cabin's only door and crawled on the bed slowly, drinking in his dad's defined torso under the dim candlelight. His eyes trailed down to Martin's package, but it was mostly hidden in the low light.

Martin's eyes twinkled. "What are you thinking?"

"I was wondering where the music was," he said with a wink. "I mean, you always have music playing...some pop thing, right?"

Marty sat down close to Martin and winced slightly as his butt settled on the soft sheets. "Well, I was thinking that *and* how I can't wait to find out what you've got planned"

Martin ran a hand down Marty's spine. "Did I get you that bad?"

“Nah, no worries,” Marty said with a wink, and laid down next to Martin. “It’s a nice sort of...ache.”

His father rolled over on top of Marty, aligning their pelvises, any concern over Marty’s sore ass long gone. In its place was heat and need. Martin took Marty’s wrists and gently pinned them over his head. Marty wrapped his legs around Martin’s waist, enjoying the comfortable pleasure of submitting to his father’s will.

The soft skin of Martin’s lips briefly dragged over his. “You’d tell me if I went too far, right? Because...that’s something I’d like to do again.”

Marty thrust his hips up and strained his neck forward, running his tongue along Martin’s full lower lip. “Fuck,” he rasped, “you have no idea how much I’d enjoy that.”

Martin grinned and dipped his head in to nip at Marty’s neck. “Okay, rule number one for tonight: do as I say.”

Martin’s tongue flicked out and lapped at the slight red mark. Marty offered a nod. “Is there a number two?”

Martin pulled his head back enough to catch Marty’s gaze. “Rule number two: do as I say.” He grinned and pressed their lips together in a lingering kiss that desperately pulled at Marty’s loins.

Martin let up on his wrists, brought his hands slowly down along the muscles in Marty’s arms, briefly playing at his collarbones, before they reached his chest. His father’s skilled fingers flitted over Marty’s protruded, sensitive nubs. They flicked, and rubbed, and pinched lightly while Martin’s tongue played with his. This alone could very well send Marty into the moaning fits his father had promised.

Marty pulled his mouth free. “Dad...my nipples.”

Martin ignored his protests and locked their mouths together again.

His damn nipples would be the end of him. For some reason his inability to handle any sustained nipple stimulation had fascinated every boyfriend he’d ever had, and that included his dad. The squirming and writhing this single erogenous zone caused seemed to ignite the dominant part of every guy he’d ever been with. Marty moaned into his father’s mouth as Martin’s fingers pulled delicious shocks of pleasure out of his body.

His dad broke the kiss and Marty gasped for air as Martin nipped kisses along his jawline. He trailed down Marty’s neck, pausing at his surgery scar to delicately slide the tip of his tongue across it, and then continued down to

Marty's chest. Of course, Martin couldn't pass up the opportunity to take one of Marty's nipples in his mouth and suck, only releasing it when Marty's back lifted off the bed.

Marty shuddered uncontrollably, threw his head to one side of the pillow, and hissed, "Fuuuck!"

"Ask and you shall receive; moaning in pleasure is what you wanted, right?" Martin chuckled.

His father's fervent kisses moved down his torso, brushed over his abdomen, and ended in his sandy-blond pubes.

Marty's hips bucked off the bed as his dick was, without warning, surrounded by silky warmth. His eternal guilt at not being able to offer his dad the same pleasure reared its ugly head briefly. However, the constant pull of Martin's tongue, something his dad had become alarmingly good at, banished the fleeting thought.

The thrilling, familiar tingle in his nuts signaled his approaching orgasm. He nudged the side of his dad's head in warning.

"Nuh-nuh-not gonna make it long," he panted.

"Hmm." Martin smiled around Marty's dick, but made no move to ease up.

"Seriously, Duh-duh-dad..." But he'd no more than finished the stuttered words, when all thought was robbed from him. His back arched, his body tensed, and he unloaded into his dad's relentless throat.

Martin didn't miss a beat and swallowed everything Marty gave him. He kept milking Marty's cock until the crazy tenderness of his dick had him laughing under Martin's persistent tongue.

"Enough," Marty bleated.

Martin finally released his softening dick and it landed heavily against his trembling thigh. Marty sank his head into the pillow with a satiated sigh. Andrew was good at giving head, perhaps technically better than his dad, but no one would ever draw an orgasm out of him like Martin did.

Martin had gone conspicuously quiet and Marty mustered the strength to lift his head and look down to the bottom of the bed. What he found was his dad staring up at him in quiet contemplation. The look on Martin's face was indiscernible. Perhaps a mix between melancholy and desire?

"What's wrong, Dad?"

"Absolutely nothing," Martin said after a moment and wiped the corner of his mouth. "I was just...enjoying the sight of you."

Marty smiled down at Martin and his chest swelled. He loved the man staring up at him. Had always loved him, from his earliest memories.

“D?”

“Yep, right here, Buddy.”

Martin smiled at him again, then broke eye contact and placed his hands on Marty’s knees. He trailed them down to his calves and pushed his legs apart. Raising Marty’s legs up, he brought his hands down to rest on the back of Marty’s upper thighs. It was at that moment, with his dad’s face mere inches from Marty’s ass, that things fell into place.

His dad was planning on going where Marty had never let anyone go before—not even Andrew. Marty had no idea why he’d never allowed it. Perhaps it felt too personal. Too intimate. It’s not like he was shy, or unwilling to try new things. But, as far as his body went, it was the one thing he’d never permitted. This would be another first he and his father would share. And the prospect terrified Marty almost as much as it excited him.

“Dad, I’m not sure—”

Martin looked at him with such sincerity, such desire, that Marty’s hesitant protest died in his throat. It wasn’t as if Martin didn’t know he hadn’t done this before; there was nothing the two men didn’t share, no real secrets between them.

“Shh. Just let me do this for you, okay?”

Marty thought about it for a few seconds, then nodded and rested his head back on the pillow. “M’okay.”

A foreign, wet pressure flicked against Marty’s most intimate part, and he had to resist the sudden urge to pull his strong legs together and call Martin off. His dad’s hands rubbed the backs of his thighs reassuringly while, at the same time, keeping them held apart. Marty made the mistake of looking down and saw the top of Martin’s head between his thighs. Unquestionably it was one of the most erotic sights he’d ever experienced.

Martin’s scruffy evening beard scratched the tender insides of Marty’s thighs and ass, but it only added to the new and illuminating sensations coursing through his body. He squirmed, trying to keep his muscle tight, but his dad’s probing tongue was persistent. When Marty relaxed slightly, Martin was encouraged and pressed his tongue deeper, only to pull back again. He licked and kissed and nibbled, and Marty became utterly lost in

the feelings. Gone were thoughts of clenching, or relaxing, or of anything but his father's mouth on him.

He'd allowed two men, Andrew and his father, to take him. And as different, as talented, as varied as the two men were with their lovemaking, Marty had never felt a sensation anywhere close to this.

Suddenly overcome with emotion, he whispered, "D?"

"Yep, right here, Buddy. A little busy at the moment, though."

Marty grinned into the side of the pillow and felt his father start back up again.

"I've just never..." Marty panted, "felt so close to anyone."

He felt the nip at his thigh almost before it happened, so when his dad's teeth actually clutched his skin, it didn't surprise him, but instead he marveled at how well he could predict his father.

"Seriously," his dad husked, "You wanna talk right now?"

Martin inched his head up and took Marty's balls into his mouth. Marty looked down and caught his dad's playful gaze.

"Just so you know, I'm never letting anyone else do this...it's gonna be something kept between us."

Martin's tongue slowly slid over his nuts, his heated eyes never leaving Marty's, before he let them slide out. "That's great, really. We'll talk more later."

Before Marty could respond, Martin resumed with gusto, and Marty found the lapping sounds were a perfect usherance into a new phase of his life. He and Martin had shared so much in this cabin. He recalled how just a few years ago, here in this same room, they'd shared their first real touches. Even though they'd both grown far beyond those initial, tentative caresses, tonight's feelings were no less intense or profound or meaningful.

Martin's talented tongue fired up Marty's recently sated libido, and his cock began to swell to life again. His father noticed, and started slowly stroking him while he pressed his tongue in even deeper. Martin's languid movements conveyed a complete lack of urgency; the goal wasn't to get Marty off but instead to provide as much pleasure as possible.

The wet warmth between his thighs retreated, and Martin raised his head. He panted heavily while still working Marty's dick, then let go of the other leg and pushed himself up on the bed. They were face to face, and the lust in Martin's eyes nearly robbed him of his breath.

He looked Marty in the eye again before dipping lower and kissing him deeply. Marty tasted his dad's familiarity, but something else too; a slight musk that heightened his growing hunger.

When Martin finally pushed inside of him, his thrusts were gentle. However, with the sustained foreplay, they were both speeding toward orgasm, and reaching the end didn't take long for either of them. Marty joined Martin moments after his father's body seized with pleasure.

Their arms and legs lay relaxed and intertwined, and they alternated between kissing and soft petting. Tomorrow, life would once again come at them full force, but right now, they had the entire night ahead of them. They had each other, and they had this. No matter what life did, it couldn't take this away.

Epilogue – M and Peace

Marty / 27

“Gumpa?”

“Nearly there, buddy,” Marty said, darting his eyes into the rearview mirror. He breathed easy when he saw that Martin III, or M as most folks called him, was still securely strapped into his car seat. He swore sometimes the boy was Harry Houdini’s son and not his and Andrew’s. Smiling, he shook his head because he knew his parents had worried just as much about him when he was M’s age. And most times, Andrew worried even more than Marty did.

Marty kept his eyes on the road, but scoffed at the ridiculous concerns some of his friends had voiced about how he would love M more than Andrew would, just because M was Marty’s biological son. In fact, if worry alone were any measure of love, Andrew had Marty beat hands down when it came to M. Besides that, Andrew’s beautiful sister Cassandra had been their surrogate, so M probably had just as much of Andrew’s DNA as he did Marty’s. And it showed to; M had been lucky enough to get Andrew’s family’s deep green eyes and brilliant blond hair. Andrew loved M just as much as Marty did, of that there was no doubt. However, when it came to loving M, Marty didn’t think he’d ever seen his dad more proud than he was the morning he and Andrew’s son was born. Martin had run a finger softly over the Quillon nodule sitting atop the tip of M’s left ear and grinned so wide Marty thought he might hurt himself.

A corner of Marty’s mouth lifted when he thought about all the people in M’s life who loved him. Their boy was flanked by affection from all sides, just as Marty had been. When he checked the mirror once more, for the umpteenth time, he was filled with gratitude at the utter joy in his son’s eyes.

“Gumpa?” M shrieked again in excitement.

“Almost!” Marty said. And although he felt just as enthused as M, he made sure he kept to the speed limit. He had far too precious cargo in the vehicle to take any chances. As the dirt road marking Quillon’s Covert approached, Marty couldn’t help but wonder how many times he’d taken this turnoff in his twenty-seven years. Even if the majority of those years it hadn’t been Marty driving, one thing remained the same: a loving father was carefully driving his son up the mountain for the annual boys’ getaway.

Marty pulled up behind the cabin and put the four-door truck into park. His dad sat on the dock, casting lines into the lake, and the familiar sense of excitement that only Quillon’s Covert could ignite nearly overwhelmed him. M would grow up with that excitement too. He’d know the absolute and unconditional love of a father, because Martin had given that to Marty, and, in doing so, had taught Marty how to give it to his own son.

M squirmed in his seat, impatient to be let out so he could roam free and explore his exotic new playground for the next week. Marty involuntarily squinted his eyes while his shoulders rose when his son hit the ground and ran toward his granddad. Martin’s face lit up despite the excited high-pitched squeals pouring from M.

His dad set down the fishing rod and met an already stripped down M halfway. In an effortless swoop, he pulled M’s pudgy body into a tight hug. M laughed and laid his cheek against Martin’s strong chest. Marty knew from experience there was no safer place in the world than that furry chest.

“Astrojack,” Martin said in greeting as Marty approached. His father’s face beamed and it was slightly difficult to be satisfied with the familial peck on the cheek instead of the deep kiss Marty yearned for.

Martin’s eyes followed the trail of M’s discarded clothes. “Well that didn’t take long,”

“Nope, you know how he is; it’s a constant fight to keep him from getting naked.”

“A real Quillon, he is.”

M demanded all of Martin’s attention while Marty unloaded the truck. His dad dutifully listened to his grandson’s excited, disjointed chatter about butterflies and toy trucks and desserts. After a few hours of being cooped up in the cab together, Marty was more than happy to unload the truck by himself and let M focus his hyper attention on his granddad.

He took a long shower and washed the day’s sweat off, and then absently reached for a pair of underwear after toweling off, only to

remember he didn't need any.

"Feel better?" Martin asked when Marty joined them in the cabin. M sat near Martin's feet at the couch, hitting the table with gusto, and saving the world from some unknown, unseen destruction. Yet, in spite of all the noise, Martin looked more relaxed than Marty had seen him in months.

"I gottcha some Mike's Hard Lemonade...it's in the fridge."

"And Funyuns?"

Martin grimaced. "And Funyons. Though I'm not sure how you eat those. They're just...nasty!"

"Whatevs," Marty said pulling open the refrigerator. "Like you've got room to talk with some of the things you indiscriminately shove in your mouth."

"Jealous much?" his dad quipped with a grin.

Martin knew full well there were foods Marty really wanted to eat, but couldn't—not with his completely fucked up choking phobia—and his father rarely passed up an opportunity to rib him about it.

"Nah, I stopped being jealous of Mom years ago," Marty retorted while popping the cap on his adult Lemonade.

Martin barked out a laugh and pointed a finger in his direction. "You, my boy, have one twisted sense of humor."

Joining him in the kitchenette, Martin pulled another beer out as Marty poured the Funyons into a bowl. "How was the drive up?"

"It was long," Marty said, "but I think it was just my eagerness to get here. Hey, did you see the Henderson's are selling? There's a big sign down at the intersection at the bottom of the hill."

"Yeah, I had to chase two potential buyers off this afternoon, before you got here, who couldn't seem to read the directions on that big ass sign."

Marty leaned his ass against the counter and sized up his dad.

Martin took a long swig of beer and smacked his lips. "Like what you see?"

Marty reached up and ran a hand through the graying hair at Martin's temple. "It only gets better with age." Marty winked.

Martin winked back at him over the rim of his bottle. He noticed his father's bobbing Adam's apple, that was already covered with a half day's stubble, as the liquid spilled down his throat. Twelve months ago, almost to the day, that Adam's apple had bobbed with another liquid traveling down.

"What are you thinking?" Martin asked innocently.

“Nuh-nuh-nothing,” Marty said guiltily and tore his gaze to the coffee table where M was trying to stack Matchbox cars on top of one another. It was the first time he’d joined them on their annual breakaway, and Marty didn’t know how they’d handle the new dynamic. It had always only been Marty and Martin.

Marty leaned against the counter with his arms crossed over his chest. Martin closed the single step separating them and snaked his fingers into the arm lock, pulling them free. “No doubt it’ll be different with the tyke here, but we’ll get time alone.”

Marty nodded and then a corner of his mouth quirked up. “Not even two minutes into the summer and you’re already trying to jump my bones.”

Martin pyramided his brows and Marty saw the mischief in his eyes. “I’m fine, it’s you,” he said with a nod to Marty’s growing cock, “who’s threatening to poke someone’s eye out with that angry bastard.”

Martin pulled the refrigerator door open and backed Marty into it, effectively blocking their bodies from M’s view. He grabbed Marty’s hard dick and pulled lasciviously. Marty’s whole body rocked with pleased shock and he had to catch his breath before pushing his dad’s arm away.

Marty bared his teeth in a dangerous looking grin. “You know, your cuh-cuh-cock-teasing is gonna get you in trouble. M’ll go to sleep at some point, and then your ass’ll be mine!”

Martin laughed, raised his hands in surrender, and took a step back. “Um, I believe it’s gonna be the other way around, but I get your point.”

“Whatevs. Get outta my way so I can get the barbecue going.”

As he bent over to grab a few logs of firewood, a familiar finger traced his crack, from the bottom of his balls to the top of his ass, Marty jumped, dropped the wood, and straightened, bumping his head on the counter.

“Yeeouch! Fuck!”

Martin’s arms surrounded him and he was smashed against his dad’s chest. Martin rubbed his head, but Marty felt the unmistakable shake of his dad’s body as he tried to hold back a laugh.

“Dad, if you’re laughing at me, I swear to—”

“Huh-huh-hugs,” M cooed from the coffee table. “Huh-huh-hugs are good!”

“See,” Martin said, successfully quelling the snicker, though the mirth was still evident in his voice, “I’m doing a good thing. Hugs are good.”

Marty pressed his face into his father's warm chest and allowed Martin to pet him for a moment. Even when his dad was being a teasing pain in the ass, there was no way Marty could stay peeved when Martin held him like this.

Martin kissed the crown of Marty's head, let go of him, and then smacked his ass. "That fire isn't gonna light itself. Stop loafin'. I'll help in a minute."

Martin stepped back quickly, narrowly avoiding what would've been a painful jab to his ribs.

Marty bent over, grabbed a few logs, and muttered, "Yeah, your ass is mine, Quillon!" Pointing a chunk of wood at Martin, he warned, "And *help* better mean more than just carrying cold beer from the kitchen to the deck, Old Man."



"Is he out?"

"Like a light." Marty settled into his seat next to the bonfire. "He really enjoyed the roasted marshmallows."

A rare cool breeze flitted through the air and whipped around them, making the flames dance along with it and sending small embers flying. Marty shut his eyes and let the smell of burning oak, and the company of his dad under an open sky, wash over him.

They sat together in companionable silence for a long time, just enjoying each other's presence. They didn't get much time alone these days; work, and spouses, and children, and real-life always seemed to intrude. Being alone together was a rare privilege neither of them had ever taken for granted.

"You've been embezzling my underwear again, haven't you?" Martin asked, interrupting the silence.

Marty's jaw dropped and he scrambled for something to say.

"I swear, after every one of your visits, I have to make a trip to JC Penny before Mom notices my tighty-whities are missing. The least you can do is wash and return them after you're done. You know, swap clean ones out for my freshly spunked-up ones."

"Jesus, Dad. Sh-sh-shut the fuck up," Marty said and ducked his chin.

Martin chuckled at Marty's obvious mortification. "Hey, I'm kinda flattered, Scout." His father leaned closer and lowered his voice.

“Sometimes I wear the same pair for a couple of days when I know you’re about to visit.”

“What? Why?”

He brought the coffee cup he’d been sipping on up to his lips, and then offered an abashed shoulder shrug. “I don’t know...I guess...” Marty watched with curiosity as Martin stared into the fire, his features growing more serious. “I just know you enjoy it, and I wanna give you something to...ya know, hold you over until we get up here again.”

Marty smiled at the ruggedly attractive man opposite him.

“Sometimes it feels like a lifetime between trips,” Martin added.

Several years back they’d talked about breaking the annual two-week trip into two one-week trips. And although they both liked the idea, something always seemed to get in the way of them actually doing it. This year would be the first year they put the new schedule in place.

Marty pulled his chair closer to his dad’s and settled at an angle that was just adjacent to Martin’s chair. He held out his hand, palm up, in an invitation for his dad to take it. Martin entwined their fingers and, once again, they fell into a comfortable quietude.

Marty tipped the bottle up, drained the last of his Lemonade, and tucked the empty under his chair. He brought his dad’s hand up and placed a soft kiss to the rough knuckles before releasing it and easing to the ground. Kneeling between Martin’s spread legs, he rested his head in his dad’s lap. God, he loved doing this. Sure, he wanted to do more, but just being here, his cheek pressing into the soft fur of Martin’s groin, felt like home. “You’ve given me a lifetime of irreplaceable memories, D. The best.”

He pressed in farther; intent on putting the entire year’s pent up desire into what he was doing. Into making his dad feel good. Into conveying how much he loved the man. Heat radiated from Martin’s center and Marty wrapped practiced fingers around the familiar girth while beginning to stroke, and play, and lick.

Martin hissed as Marty slid his tongue deeper between his dad’s foreskin and head. When Marty held his open mouth just above Martin’s shaft, allowing drool to fall from his parted lips, and then slowly worked his fist up and down, his father’s back arched in pleasure. “Jeez, sooo good, Marty.”

He continued the slow strokes as he looked up into Martin’s heated gaze. “You like that, Dad?”

Martin swallowed and then gave a jerky nod. “Feels *real* nice!”

Marty leaned in and licked the slick shaft again and groaned. The distinctive taste was all Martin. He loved his husband, God knew he did, but this, right here, nothing could ever compare to it. Most people would never be able to understand the relationship Marty and his dad shared, and he accepted that. The important thing was he and Martin understood it. Marty ran his tongue up and down the underside, feeling each ridge and vein, and then delved back and pressed his nose against Martin’s pubes.

He inhaled deeply and smothered his senses in Martin’s scent. Again disappointment flitted at the edges of his mind for not being able to actually swallow Martin’s cock, or Andrew’s for that matter. What he wouldn’t do to break through that mental barrier, to get over his fear of choking, and give his dad the blowjob he longed to. He was grateful, however, that neither of the men in his life ever made him feel ashamed or inadequate about it.

He brought a hand to his lips, gathered more saliva, and jacked his dad’s shaft, while licking the precum off of the swollen cockhead, letting Martin’s essence fill him completely. Of all the intimate acts they shared, this was Marty’s favorite.

Martin’s fingers wrapped into Marty’s curls and his eyes were pulled up to his dad’s.

“I want inside you, Son...been too damn long.”

Marty eagerly nodded and then pushed up. He couldn’t have agreed more. Straddling Martin’s waist, he wrapped his arms around his dad’s strong neck and brought their lips together. Martin’s dick pressed against Marty’s ass persistently. He knew the generous coating of spit he’d slathered onto Martin’s dick, along with his dad’s continual ooze of precum, would be plenty of lubrication. But, nonetheless, as he arched his back and sank down, he did so with wavering patience. God, he wanted this, wanted to feel the first dick he’d ever known inside him again. He bucked and wiggled as his father’s wet, hard warmth found its way home.

Marty tilted his head back as Martin softly kissed and nibbled his neck, and gazed at the glittering star-lit sky. They often fucked, which Marty unquestionably enjoyed, but tonight wasn’t that. It wasn’t rushed, or frantic, or urgent. Instead it was a homecoming of two men who shared an immense history, a deep respect for one another, and an inexplicable amount of love for each other. Tonight they were father and son, they were friends, they were brothers and soul mates, and they were lovers.

Marty felt the rush of his dad's pending release. As Martin's dick pulsed between his thighs and spasmed, Marty's heart filled with love so severe it overwhelmed him. The moment Martin pushed back his long skin and touched the head of his dick, Marty locked their mouths together and groaned as ropes of thick cum began to spew between them. But instead of his dad doing what Marty anticipated, which was leaving the cum to rest on their chests, he instead used his thick fingers to scoop it up.

The intense orgasm was still ripping through him when Martin lifted his fingers and pressed the spunk to Marty's lips. "Open your mouth," he husked. His throat momentarily constricted, but he pushed the fear aside and dropped his jaw. Martin's fingers swiftly dipped inside, but they were gone just as quickly, only to be replaced by his father's placid tongue.

He and his father had shared a lot over the years, made more memories than Marty could have ever hoped for, but tonight was different. It was more intimate and easy than any of the hundreds of other times before. Tonight marked the start of their annual escape from reality, but Marty couldn't help but feel it also marked a milestone; they may only be able to express it two weeks out of the year, but tonight he felt like they'd become a couple. He sank heavily against Martin's welcoming center and exhaled heavily.

"D?"

"Yep, right here, Buddy," Martin whispered.

Martin / 47

Martin and his son's bodies touched, back to chest, and he enjoyed the vibrations Marty's chuckle sent running through his chest.

"You do know he's right here? Like sitting three feet from us."

He ignored Marty's comment for a moment and nipped at his son's Quillon nodule again.

"He hasn't got a clue. We're not doing anything, above water, that isn't completely normal."

He knew the *above water* comment wasn't lost on Marty. M was indeed less than a yard from them. A big yellow truck ran across the dock's boards, accompanied by a *chooga, chooga, chooga* sound as the youngest Quillon pushed it around.

“You know, you really should explain the difference between a truck and a train to the boy. He’ll be confused for life. And, speaking of confusing impressionable minds,” Martin tilted his head toward the portable CD player, “what *are* we listening to?”

Marty’s tone was a mix of mock exasperation and genuine amusement. “What we’re listening to is classic Johnny Cash. It’s called “Ring of Fire,” you uncultured pop fan. And it’s not the *above water* goings-on that I’m talking about, Old Man.”

Martin inched his slightly graying, furry chest up against his son’s muscled back. Water lapped at their torsos as they stood half submerged in the shallow end, next to the dock. Marty’s folded arms rested on the deck’s smooth planks cradling his chin lazily.

Martin rested his hands atop Marty’s thighs and his stiff dick smoothed along the crack of his son’s firm ass. M’s rising with the chickens that morning meant he and Marty hadn’t had any alone time since the night before. And twelve hours with Marty, sans an orgasm, had Martin hard and amorous.

“Does he always get up so early?”

“Hmm?” Marty asked, and then realized what Martin meant. “No, not generally. Must be the excitement of the cabin.”

“Yep. It excites me too.”

“Tuck! D! Elbow tuck!”

“Yes, it’s a great yellow truck.” Marty agreed, enunciating both the Y in yellow and the R in truck. “And trucks make a *vroom, vroom, vroom* sound, right?”

Martin pressed his lips into the back of Marty’s neck and smiled. “Well, technically, that’s the sound a car makes. But you get an A for effort.”

Marty laughed. “Do you have any idea how difficult it is to raise...” He paused, remembering who he was speaking to. “What am I saying? Of course you do.”

He ran a palm over Marty’s taut abdomen. “Jeez, do you work out constantly? And, you’re doing an amazing job with M. He’s an awesome little guy.”

“I’ve gotta keep up with Andrew, ya know? I mean, you’ve seen him shirtless at the pool. The dude is seriously ripped. And the worst part of it is, it’s almost all natural. I, on the other hand, have to work my tail off to keep this four-pack.”

The abdominal muscles in question flexed under Martin's fingers and he bit into his son's shoulder. "You teasing me, Slider?"

Marty ignored his question but rubbed his ankle against Martin's calf. "You doing okay, buddy?" Marty asked M. "Not too hot for you, is it?"

The late morning sun beat down on them, but Marty had diligently covered every inch of M's chubby body with sunscreen, as Martin knew he would.

"Hot. Good. *Chooga, chooga, chooga!*"

Marty's chest rumbled from a hearty laugh. "You let dad know if you get too warm, okay?"

Martin reached down, slid his hand along Marty's equally hard cock, and stopped at the tip. Taking hold of the hanging foreskin, he pulled gently, rolled it between his fingers, and dipped inside to glide over the slick head. His son had stretched the skin so much over the years that it not only still covered his dick completely when hard, but it actually hung off the tip about two inches. Martin loved it. Loved playing with the soft skin, loved that his son had modified his cock to accommodate his own pleasure, and he loved knowing what he was doing at the moment was driving Marty crazy.

"Damn, it's so long, Son."

"Yeah, it's stretched nicely," Marty said, his voice taking on a slightly huskier tone as Martin continued playing. "I'm *really* happy with it."

He continued tugging softly at the skin, then rolled it all the way down Marty's rigid length, and slid it back up again. The motion elicited a soft *ahh* from his son.

"When it gets warmed up...you know, when the skin relaxes, it's actually about an inch or so longer. Maybe even a little more."

Marty cocked his head around slightly to catch Martin's eye and asked, "Do you...I don't know. Do you like it?"

He released the skin and reached down, taking hold of Marty's hairless nuts, and rolled them around in his palm. "I'll be thinking about it the rest of the year. I think it's cool on several levels. I also love the way you've started keeping your crotch completely shaved."

Marty rested his chin back on his arms. "That's for Andrew." He shrugged and then added, "but I'm glad you like it too. Personally I think it makes me look like M, but he says it emphasizes my size...makes me look even bigger. And, I never know where to stop it. Meaning, do I leave the

treasure trail? Or do I take that off as well? 'Cause I'm sure as hell not doing my stomach and chest. It's a pain in the ass to maintain as it is, so I'm not sure how much longer I'll keep it up. I actually use this hair removal cream stuff...just did it again last night in the shower."

Martin glanced over at M, who was piling the meager contents of Martin's tackle box into the bed of his dump truck. "By the way, I'm glad you won the foreskin argument. I would've hated having a dead man for a son-in-law...would've made holiday dinners a little strange...having to keep him propped up at the table and all."

Marty laughed. "Yeah, well. I thought I was gonna have to call you in for reinforcement on that one. He was pretty determined M was gonna *look like him*. I'm not so sure I'll be as lucky with the next one."

Martin's hand continued to pull at Marty's nuts, and he brought the other one up to rest on one of his son's firm, furry pecs.

"Don't e-v-e-n think about it, Dad," Marty said in warning as Martin's thumb grazed a nipple. "I'll lose my mind; there's no way I'll be able to keep my composure if you start on those."

Martin grinned and lightly scratched the nub with his nail. "Only a little, I promise."

The tiny action caused a shudder to run through Marty's body and he moaned.

M looked up. "D? Hurt?"

Marty lifted his chin off his folded arms and grabbed Martin's hand, keeping a firm hold on it. "No, Buddy. Grandpa tickled me, is all."

M grinned up at them. "Don't ike tickels. But fun too."

"I know exactly what you mean, I don't like them either. But they do make me laugh," he said to M. Then warned Martin. "I swear, if you scar my son, I'll beat your ass, Old Man. And what gives anyway? You wouldn't think of having sex with me until I was eighteen, and yet you'll..."

Martin ignored the empty threat and whispered, "Let go of my hand, Firecracker, or I'll have to breakout the paddle. And, again, if you keep your cool, M will be none the wiser." Yeah, he had to admit, teasing the fuck out of Marty, knowing the man would have no choice but to remain compliant and nonchalant to protect M's innocence, offered a whole other element of excitement. Marty would either have to play along—and not react to Martin's ministrations—or force him to stop. And Martin knew Marty was just as hot and bothered as he was.

He slid his cock along Marty's crack again and nudged it a bit deeper between his son's legs. "Want you so bad, Jockey."

Martin guessed it was somewhere around 11:00 a.m. and M probably wouldn't go down for a nap for several more hours. *Fuck it!*

"Hey, M?"

"Gumpa?"

"Toss me that container...the one with the blue lid, would ya?"

M reached into the back of his overloaded dump truck, dug around, pulled out the Vaseline, and proudly presented it to Martin.

"Thanks, Jellybear."

"Dad—" Marty started.

"Settle down, Sparky. I can do this and...keep the tyke in the dark," Martin assured. Pressing his lips directly to Marty's ear, he whispered, "I'm not gonna fuck you, I just wanna feel you wrapped around me."

Several long moments passed where Martin was unsure of what his son's decision would be. Finally, Marty offered a virtually imperceptible nod. However, his consent, no matter how unsure, was all Martin needed.

He popped the cap off the container, sunk three fingers in, dipped his hand under the water, and slid them across Marty's smooth, hairless opening. He went back up, scooped another handful, and slicked his ardent dick. The thumb of his other hand flicked over his son's nipple as he positioned himself against Marty's hole.

Marty shivered as Martin began pushing into him.

"Open up, let your old man in," he whispered.

Marty's head fell forward again and rested on his arms. "Jesus, you're such a fucking perv!" he hissed and arched his back. "I'm never gonna get that stuff off of me, you know. It's like the most waterproof stuff on the pla—" His head rose and his neck tensed a bit, before lowering back to rest on his arms. "Ohmigod," he huffed quietly.

Martin slid farther in, slowly, and finally felt his nuts push up against Marty's ass. He resisted the urge to pull out and plunge back in, but instead simply stilled himself. Reaching over, he grabbed his beer from the dock and took a long swallow. "Nice!"

The clatter of crayons being dumped onto the deck was punctuated by several of them slipping through the dock's planks and plopping into the water. M had opened up a coloring book, dumped the entire mega box of crayons onto the deck, and looked up at Marty in concern.

“That’s okay, Buddy. Well get ’em in a little bit. Is there another color you’d like to use? Green would be nice for the bunny’s eyes, wouldn’t it?” Marty asked, and then whispered to Martin, “He’s so cutely uncoordinated with his life jacket on.”

“You’re good with him, Marty. I mean, I watch you all the time with him, and you’re really good. You’ve grown into a great dad.”

Martin watched as the muscles in his son’s back relaxed. “You’re just gonna stay there. No, muh-muh-moving about, right?”

“Yep, no moving about. Feels nice, doesn’t it?”

“Real nice,” he admitted.

“So...your comment before, about not being so lucky with your next kid’s skin? Does that mean?”

“Well, I have some pretty high standards to live up to in the father department, but thanks for the compliment, Old Man, it really means a lot. I love him so much, Dad. I just wanna do a good job, ya know? And, yeah, Andrew and I are pregnant. Well, technically it’s Cassandra, Andrew’s sister, who’s pregnant again. She’s four and a half months along now. It’s gonna be another boy.”

Martin wrapped his arms around Marty’s chest and pulled him in tight. “That’s great news. Your mom is gonna be over the moon!”

The movement pushed Martin’s cock in deeper, and he watched as Marty grabbed the jar of Vaseline to keep his hands busy.

Marty laughed. “She is, isn’t she? Sorry I didn’t say something sooner, but Cassandra had a few complications early on—nothing serious—but still, Andrew wanted to wait until she was in her second trimester before saying anything. He’s gonna be pissed I let the cat out of the bag, he’s pretty psyched about us telling you guys together.”

“Well, in that case, I’ll be sure to act surprised, then.” Martin leaned in and nipped Marty’s ear again. “Wouldn’t want to give Andrew a reason to spank you, now would we, Chatterbox?”

As Martin grabbed his bottle, and tipped the last few swallows of beer into his mouth, Marty pushed back against him. “Ha! Now that would be something; Andrew is pretty...vanilla.” His son pulled forward a bit and then pushed back against Martin’s pelvis again. “Um, maybe M will lay down early.”

Martin grinned. “Ya think?”

Marty pushed back again and raised his shoulders in a shrug. "It's worth a shot."

They both looked over at M, who'd abandoned the coloring book and was covering his dump truck with toddler graffiti. "Hey, Sport? It's been a long morning, huh? What's say we head up to the cabin and grab a few Oreos?"

"Plying the child with sweets. Yep, you've got the father thing down pat," Martin said with a laugh.



Martin felt the point of no return speed by with nerve-tingling urgency. He pulled out of his son's slick warmth, laid his cock alongside of Marty's, and grabbed both in his large hand.

"Dad," Marty gasped through gritted teeth and tightly clenched eyes, "so close."

Marty's hard cock slid along his. "Open your eyes...look at our dicks."

Martin held them firmly together, working his slippery palm along both. Every time he pulled back, the head of his cock peeked through his foreskin. Marty's, with its crazy long skin, never even got close to being unsheathed. He never dreamed there'd be a day when such a sight would turn him on as much as it did.

"Yeah, Dad...so close!"

He gripped them tighter, knowing his son liked it as firm as he did, and stroked while Marty watched his hand work them both.

"God," Marty panted, and his fingers tightened around the tree swing's seat. "It really does look fucking hot, doesn't it? You close? 'Cause I'm..."

Martin stiffened when thick ropes of cum shot from Marty's dick. Seeing his son in such enormous pleasure, his fit, masculine body jerking in release was more than he could take. He nearly howled and followed right behind.

As always, he kept stroking Marty's cock until his son's lips pulled up in a smile.

"Okay, Dad," he panted.

Martin kept going, gently rubbing his thumb across the skin that covered his son's sensitive glans.

"Daaad," Marty complained and swatted at his hand halfheartedly.

The swing swayed back and forth, and Martin released them both while dropping to his knees on the soft grass. He slid the foreskin back and stuck the head of Marty's cock in his mouth. It was another thing he never foresaw enjoying so much; either sucking cock, or the taste of his son's cum.

Marty tried to pull his pelvis back, but there wasn't anywhere to go. He barked out a laugh, corded his fingers into Martin's hair, and pulled him off. "You fucker!"

Suddenly Marty's weight pushed Martin off balance, and before he knew it, he'd landed on his back with a thud. His son's wet chest pressed into his and Marty grabbed his wrists, pinning them above his head.

His chest couldn't help but expand at his son's toothy grin and exuberant eyes. He allowed Marty to keep his arms held down; he knew—they both knew—despite Martin being twenty years his senior, he could easily break his son's firm grasp.

Marty's expression slowly sobered as Martin held his gaze. "Love you so much, Dad," he breathed softly.

Straining forward, Martin brought their lips together and, in doing so, was struck by both the similarity of the situation and the reversal of ten years ago. Then, it had been him atop Marty, pinning his son down, and telling him that no matter how much Marty may want an intimate relationship, it wasn't going to happen.

His son's eyes, so incredibly expressive, obviously hadn't closed upon Martin's kiss. Martin, with little effort, pulled a hand free and ran his thumb across Martin's cheek. "And I love you, Muggles."

He watched as Marty's eyes glassed over. Marty wasn't one for emotional displays, and the moment struck Martin hard. Freeing his other hand, he wrapped one arm around Marty's back, and the other around his neck, he pulled his son in for a solid embrace.

"You know," Marty said into his ear, "there was a time when I just hoped you'd be able to give me something physical. I thought, '*Even if all he can do...*'."

Martin heard the emotion in his son's voice, followed by a noisy swallow, before he continued.

"I mean, I thought, '*If I could just have that much of him, I'll be happy. I'll be satisfied. It'll be enough*'."

Martin eased the embrace. Marty didn't pull back, but instead laid his body's full weight atop him.

When he spoke again, his chin rested just above Martin's collarbone. "Then, a few years ago, when I realized you might actually feel a small part of what I felt for you in return... My world has never been the same since."

Marty's lips brushed across Martin's neck, and he slid off onto his back, next to him on the grass.

"I love you, Dad, more than anything, or anyone, and I feel so incredibly blessed to feel that love now returned by you.

"Many times over the years, you've said you weren't sure if you could love me the same way I loved you. I've thought long and hard about how to describe the love I feel for you; how'd I actually put it into words. What I came up with was a few questions: Do I care about him more than anyone else? Is his happiness more important than my own? When we're apart, do I constantly think about him? Am I stupidly happy to be with him? And, lastly, does even the slightest thought of him make me crazy horny? Of course the answer to all of those, for me, has always been yes. But, a few years ago, I realized they were likely a yes for you as well."

Without raising his head, Martin searched the grass between them, found Marty's hand, and twined their fingers together. "The answer is yes for me too."

"M and I will be heading home tomorrow, and it's the first time I've been completely at peace with leaving you, at peace with where our relationship stands, and at peace with the long months that suspends this part of our lives." Marty turned his head toward Martin, and when he mirrored his son's movement, Marty untwined their fingers and brushed the tear off Martin's cheek.

The sun dappled through the tree's leaves overhead and cast shadows across Marty's face. The contrast between the ever-shifting light and dark shapes struck Martin. For years he himself had felt like those vulnerable, shifting outlines. For nearly a decade, his unimagined feelings for Marty seemed to be in a constant state of flux, reshaping themselves in completely unexpected ways. And Marty was right; the last several years had seen a peaceful sort of resolve and calm settle on him.

"And you call me a fucker?" Martin snorted. "I haven't cried since the morning you were born."

Marty propped himself up on an elbow, and his eyes settled to the grass just on the other side of Martin's relaxed torso. "Oh, and I'm really glad we've finally gotten around to breaking the getaway into two one-week trips, Old Man. Six months seems much less daunting than twelve." Marty winked, reached across him, snagged the fallen ball cap, and set it atop Martin's chest. "And that whole *look at our two cocks together thing*, damn! I think you've got this whole gay thing down."

Martin ran a big hand across his face, wiping away a few more tears, and grinned. "I'm only gay for you, Son."



"You sure you don't want me to stay another day? I can call Andrew, it'd be no problem."

M was strapped into his car seat and Martin knew, just as Marty had done for so many years, the toddler would be out within seconds of them being on the road.

"Nah, it's all good. I just wanna get a few more coats of sealer on the dock before heading back."

Marty blushed.

"Ha!" Martin laughed and pulled Marty in close. "There's something I haven't seen in awhile, you're actually turning red!"

His son's hands rested on Martin's bare hips, matching his loose, but intimate embrace of Marty's clothed ones.

"Well, if you could keep it in your pants for more than a few hours, we'd have gotten that sealer on days ago."

Their closeness, combined with Marty's sudden coloring, left little doubt his son would gladly let the dock rot and fall into the water before giving up a second of their precious, stolen adult time.

He reached up, clasped Marty's cheeks, and touched their lips together. "I love you Martin Junior. And this time we'll be back here in just six short months."

Marty nodded contentedly. "Only six months."

M thumped his sock monkey on the passenger window, its button eyes tapping out an odd *dot a dot dot* Morris code against the glass, indicating his grandson's growing impatience.

"Vroom vroom vroom! D?"

Martin chuckled. "Well at least he has the car sound down."

Marty leaned in, allowing them one final kiss that would have to last six months. “Okay, I’ll see you at the office Tuesday morning.”

“Yep,” Martin said, following his son to the driver’s door, and then closing it as Marty buckled himself in. “Drive safe. And text me when you get back, okay?”

“I’ve got precious cargo, wouldn’t think of doing anything else. Really glad you’ve finally figured out the whole texting thing too.” Marty winked, then looked in the rearview mirror. “You ready, Buddy?”

Martin watched them back down the drive with a smile. After a final wave, just as they pulled out of sight, he headed into the cabin and dug his phone out of his backpack, where Marty insisted it stay for the trip. At the sound of crunching tires on gravel, he peered out the window at the SUV pulling up. Even lost, dumbass possible buyers of the Hanson place didn’t dampen his mood.

With a shake of his head, he grinned as his thumbs awkwardly typed out the text.

Only 6 mths. Luv U, Squirrel. U R gonna be a dad x2! Dinner Tues nite? Andrew announcement?

He tossed the phone back into his backpack and went to meet his maybe neighbors in the buff. Life was good.

Final Thoughts / About the Authors

THANK YOU for purchasing Quillon's Covert. If you enjoyed your time with the story, we would really appreciate if you took a few minutes to leave a review on Smashwords, ARe, Goodreads, or your favorite platform. It is especially important for us as self-publishing authors, who don't have the backing of an established press. It makes the book more appealing to potential readers and helps others make an informed decision when considering a purchase. Not to mention we simply love hearing from readers!

JOSEPH LANCE TONLET is a born and raised Southern Californian—with a twenty-year stint of living in the Midwest. He loves the laid-back lifestyle of San Diego and considers himself lucky to live where people dream of vacationing.

A lifelong reader of m/m fiction, he began his writing career one night sitting at his MacBook and has never looked back. He writes to bring the characters he dreams about to life.

If you're interested in upcoming releases, exclusive deals, extra content, freebies and the like, checkout his website at <http://www.josephlancetonlet.com>.

LOUIS STEVENS is a gay romance author born and raised in South Africa. He was a shy outcast who had few friends in school; generally feeling excluded and on the fringe of society. However, when he discovered gay romance and erotica in 2007, at the age of seventeen, his mind and world opened up.

He wrote his first story, A Better Life, longhand in a 197-page spiral notebook, on his bed every night with a pillow curled under his chin.

Although the book wouldn't be published until 2011, with the now defunct Silver Publishing, he found the experience entirely liberating. He's considered himself a writer ever since.

If you're interested in upcoming releases, exclusive deals, extra content, freebies and the like, checkout his website at <http://www.louisstevensauthor.com>.



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